THE DUKE OF GUISE.

A TRAGEDY.

Acted By Their

Majesties Servants.

WRITTEN

By Mr. *DRYDEN*, and Mr. *LEE*.

Οὗτος ὁ φιλότιμος φύσει ἐν παῖς πολλάκις τὸ ἄγαν μὲν φυλαξάμενος, τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ μεῖζον τὸ κακὸν ἔχων. Plutarch. in Agesilao.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Bentley* in *Russel-street*, near the *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, and *J. Tonson* at the *Judge's Head* in *Chancery-lane*. M.DC.LXXXIII.

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To the Right Honourable

LAWRENCE,

EARL of *ROCHESTER*, &c.

My Lord,

THE *Authors of this Poem, present it humbly to your Lordships Patronage, if you shall think it worthy of that honour. It has already been a Confessor, and was almost made a Martyr for the Royal Cause. But having stood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was Acted, another in the Representation, and having been in both acquitted, 'tis now to stand the Publick Censure in the reading: Where since, of necessity, it must have the same Enemies, we hope it may also find the same Friends; and therein we are secure not only of the greater Number, but of the more Honest and Loyal Party. We only expected bare Justice in the Permission to have it Acted; and that we had, after a severe and long Examination, from an Upright and knowing Judge, who having heard both sides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cause in a strict perusal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Persons. In the Representation it self, it was persecuted with so notorious Malice by one side, that it procur'd us the Partiality of the other; so that the Favour more than recompenc'd the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been sav'd (if so we were) by the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deserts; because thereby the Weakness of the Faction is discover'd, which in us, at that time, attack'd the Government; and stood combin'd, like the Members of the Rebellious League, against the Lawful Soveraign Authority. To what Topique will they have recourse, when they are manifestly beaten from their chief Post, which has*

always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gather'd in a Play-House; and yet even there, the Enemies as well as Friends have free Admission; but while our Argument was serviceable to their Interests, they cou'd boast that the Theaters were True Protestant, and came insulting to the Plays, where their own Triumphs were represented. But let them now assure themselves, that they can make the major part of no Assembly, except it be a Meeting-House. Their Tyde of Popularity is spent, and the natural Current of Obedience is in spight of them, at last prevalent. In which, my Lord, after the merciful Providence of God, the unshaken Resolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifest Innocence of his Royal Highness, the prudent Management of the Ministers is also most conspicuous. I am not particular in this Commendation, because I am unwilling to raise Envy to your Lordship, who are too just not to desire that Praise shou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavor and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough, my Lord, that your own Part was neither obscure in it, nor unhazardous. And if ever this excellent Government so well establish'd by the Wisdom of our Forefathers, and so much shaken by the Folly of this Age, shall recover its ancient Splendor, Posterity cannot be so ungrateful, as to forget those, who in the worst of Times, have stood undaunted by their King and Country, and for the Safeguard of both, have expos'd themselves to the malice of false Patriots, and the madness of an headstrong Rabble. But since this glorious Work is yet unfinish'd, and though we have reason to hope well of the success, yet the Event depends on the unsearchable Providence of Almighty God, 'tis no time to raise Trophees, while the Victory is in dispute: but every man by your example, to contribute what is in his power, to maintain so just a Cause, on which depends the future Settlement and

Prosperity

Proſperity of Three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to Neptune *was not amiſs, in the middle of the Storm:* Thou may'ſt do with me, *O Neptune*, what thou pleaſeſt, but I will be ſure to hold faſt the Rudder. *We are to truſt firmly in the Deity, but ſo as not to forget, that he commonly works by ſecond Cauſes, and admits of our Endeavors with his concurrence. For our own parts, we are ſenſible as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak aſſiſtance. The moſt we can boaſt of, is, that we are not ſo inconſiderable as to want Enemies, whom we have rais'd to our ſelves on no other account, than that we are not of their number: and ſince that's their Quarrel, they ſhall have daily occaſion to hate us more.* 'Tis not, my Lord, *that any man delights to ſee himſelf paſquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers, but on the other ſide it ought to be our glory, that themſelves believe not of us what they write. Reaſonable men are well ſatisfi'd for whoſe ſakes the venom of their Party is ſhed on us, becauſe they ſee that at the ſame time, our Adverſaries ſpare not thoſe to whom they owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Deſpair has puſh'd them to break thoſe Bonds; and 'tis obſervable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As* Lucifer *and his Companions were only proud when Angels, but grew malicious when Devils. Let them rail, ſince 'tis the only ſolace of their miſeries, and the only revenge, which we hope they now can take. The greateſt and the beſt of men are above their reach, and for our meanneſs, though they aſſault us like Foot-padders in the dark, their Blows have done us little harm; we yet live, to juſtifie our ſelves in open day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to aſſure your Lordſhip, with all Submiſſion and Sincerity, that we are*

Your LORDSHIPS

Moſt Obedient, Faithful Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN, NAT. LEE.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*: Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

OUR Play's a Parallel: The Holy League
Begat our Cov'nant: Guiſards got the Whigg:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
War, like our Faſhions, firſt produc'd in France:
And, when worn out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars here.
Cou'd the ſame Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or ſerv'd us up, in ſcorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulſome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in reaſon,
Had giv'n us all our Bellys-full of Treaſon:
And yet, the Name but chang'd, our naſty Nation
Chaws its own Excrement, th' Aſſociation.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Beſides, Your Drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your True Proteſtant can never fail,
With that compendious Inſtrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite, ev'n though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expel the lawful Heir:
Once more decide Religion by the Sword;
And purchaſe for us a new Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purſes ſpare;
Make Him not Two-Pence richer by your Prayer.
To ſhew you love Him much, chaſtiſe Him more;
And make Him very Great, and very Poor.
Puſh Him to Wars, but ſtill no Pence advance;
Let Him loſe England, *to recover* France.
Cry Freedom up with Popular noiſie Votes:
And get enough to cut each others Throats,
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne;
For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave Him none.
A noiſe was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But in Revenge, you Whiggs, have found a way,
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let His own Servants turn, to ſave their ſtake;
Glean from His Plenty, and His Wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas near His Perſon ſtay,
To ſwallow the laſt Sop, and then betray.

Make

Make London *independant of the Crown:*
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus *Juries find no Traytors:*
And Ignoramus *Poets ſcribble Satyrs.*
And, that your meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do, what in Coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the Maſter, and Set up the Man.

EPILOGUE.

Written by the ſame Author: Spoken by Mrs. *Cooke.*

MUCH Time and Trouble this poor Play has coſt;
And, Faith, I doubted once the Cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one Man was meant; nor Great, nor Small;
Our Poets, like frank Gameſters, threw at All.
They took no ſingle Aim: ———
But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd Broad-ſides at the whole Party.
Duels are Crimes; but when the Cauſe is right,
In Battel, every Man is bound to fight.
For what ſhou'd hinder Me to ſell my Skin
Dear as I cou'd, if once my hand were in?
Se Defendendo *never was a Sin.*
'Tis a fine World, my Maſters, right or wrong,
The Whiggs muſt talk, and Tories hold their Tongue.
They muſt do all they can———
But We, Forſooth, muſt bear a Chriſtian mind;
And fight, like Boys, with One Hand ty'd behind;
Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wond'rous wiſe,
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to riſe.
When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:
Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan *or* Mally
Tipt you th' inviting Wink, ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I?
A Trimmer *cry'd,* (*that heard me tell this Story*)
Fie, Miſtreſs Cooke! *Faith you're too rank a Tory!*
Wiſh not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard Caſes;
You Women love to ſee Men make wry Faces.
Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't think me ſuch a Jew
I ſay no more, but give the Dev'l his due.
Lenitives, ſays he, ſuit beſt with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, *ſays I, 's an excellent Phyſician.*
I love no Bloud——Nor I, Sir, as I breath;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.

W.

We Trimmers *are for holding all things even:*
Yes——just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.
Have we not had Mens Lives enow already?
Yes sure: ——but you're for holding all things steddy:
Now since the Weight hangs all on one side, Brother,
You Trimmers *shou'd, to poize it, hang on t'other.*
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring:
Not Whiggs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not Birds, nor Beasts; but just a kind of Bat:
A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cause,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and Claws.

Dramatis Personæ.

The King	Mr. *Kynaston.*
Duke of *Guise*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Duke of *Mayenne*	Mr. *Jevon.*
Grillon	Mr. *Smith.*
The Cardinal of *Guise*	Mr. *Wiltshyre.*
Archbishop of *Lyons*	Mr. *Perin.*
Alphonso Corso	Mr. *Monfort.*
Polin	Mr. *Bowman.*
Aumale	Mr. *Carlile.*
Buffy	Mr. *Saunders.*
The Curate of St. *Eustace*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Malicorne	Mr. *Percival.*
Melanax, a Spirit	Mr. *Gillo.*
Two Sheriffs	*Bright* and *Samford.*
Citizens and Rabble, &c.	

WOMEN.

Queen-Mother	Lady *Slingsby.*
Marmoutier	Mrs. *Barry.*

SCENE, PARIS.

THE DUKE of GUISE.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

The Council of Sixteen Seated: An Empty Chair prepar'd for the Duke of Guiſe.

Buſſy *and* Polin *two of the Sixteen.*

Buſſy. LIghts there! more Lights: what burn the Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guiſe*, the *Moſes, Gideon, David,*
The Saviour of the Nation, makes approach?

Pol. And therefore are we met; the whole Sixteen
That ſway the Crowd of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purſes, Perſons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guiſe*, whose merit calls him, high;
And give him a whole Heaven, for room to ſhine.

Enter Curate of St. Euſtace.

Buſſ. The Curate of S. *Euſtace* comes at laſt;
But, Father, why ſo late?

Cur. I have been taking godly pains, to ſatisfie ſome Scruples rais'd amongſt weak Brothers of our Party, that were ſtaggering in the Cauſe.

Pol. What cou'd they find t' Object?

Cur. They thought, to Arm againſt the King was Treaſon.

Buſſ. I hope you ſet 'em right?

Cur. Yes; and for anſwer, I produc'd this Book.
A Calviniſt Miniſter of *Orleans*
Writ this, to juſtifie the Admiral

For taking Arms againſt the King deceas'd:
Wherein he proves that irreligious Kings
May juſtly be depos'd, and put to death.

Buſſ. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not ſo prudent.

Cur. Yes; from the Devil, if it would help our Cauſe.
The Author was indeed a Heretick;
The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our Holy League,
Is to preſerve the King, his Pow'r and Perſon.

Cur. That muſt be ſaid, you know, for decency;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot ſecure.

Buſſ. But did the Primitive Chriſtians e're rebell,
When under Heathen Lords? I hope they did.

Cur. No ſure, they did not; for they had not Pow'r;
The Conſcience of a People is their Power.

Pol. Well; the next Article in our Solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buſſ. What is't? I ſhou'd be glad to find the King
No ſafer than needs muſt?

Pol. That in caſe of Oppoſition from any perſon whatſoever---

Cur. That's well, that's well; then the King is not excepted, if he oppoſe us——

Pol. We are oblig'd to join as one, to puniſh
All, who attempt to hinder or diſturb us.

Buſſ. 'Tis a plain Caſe; the King's included in the Puniſhment,
In caſe he rebell againſt the People.

Pol. But how can he rebell?

Cur. I'll make it out: Rebellion is an Inſurrection againſt the Government; but they that have the Power are actually the Government: Therefore if the People have the Power, the Rebellion is in the King.

Buſſ. A moſt convincing Argument for Faction.

Cur. For Arming, if you pleaſe; but not for Faction.
For ſtill the Faction is the feweſt number;
So, what they call the Lawful Government,
Is now the Faction; for the moſt are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King; I wou'd gladly underſtand whom we are to obey; or whether we are to be all Kings together?

Cur.

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and ask that Queſtion?
There's an Article, that, I may ſay, is as neceſſary as any
In the Creed: Namely, that we, the ſaid Aſſociates, are
Sworn to yield ready Obedience, and Faithful Service, to that
Head which ſhall be deputed.

Buſſ. 'Tis moſt manifeſt, that by Virtue of our Oath
We are all Subjects to the Duke of *Guiſe*. The King's
An Officer that has betray'd his Truſt; and therefore we
have turn'd him out of Service.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guiſe; *Cardinal of* Guiſe, Aumale: *Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.*

Buſſ. Your Highneſs enters in a lucky hour;
Th'unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Choice,
As Head of *Paris*, and the Holy League.

Card. I ſay *Amen* to that.

Pol. You are our Champion; Buckler of our Faith.

Card. The King, like *Saul*, is Heaven's repented Choice;
You his Anointed one, on better thought.

Guiſe. I'm what you pleaſe to call me: Any thing,
Lieutenant General, Chief, or Conſtable,
Good Decent Names, that only mean your Slave.

Buſſ. You chas'd the *Germans* hence, Exil'd *Navarre*;
And reſcu'd *France* from Hereticks and Strangers.

Aum. What he and all of us have done, is known.
What's our Reward? Our Offices are loſt,
Turn'd out like Labour'd Oxen, after Harveſt,
To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.

Buſſ. Our Charters will go next: Becauſe we *Sheriffs*
Permit no Juſtice to be done on thoſe
The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.

Guiſe Yes; we are all involv'd, as Heads, or Parties:
Dipt in the noiſy Crime of State, call'd Treaſon:
And Traitours we muſt be, to King, or Country.

Buſſ. Why then my Choice is made.

Pol. And mine.

Omn. And all.

Card. Heav'n is it ſelf Head of the Holy League;

And all the Saints are Cov'nanters, and Guisards.

Guise What say you, Curate?

Cur. I hope well, my Lord.

Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deserves your care of his Preferment.
For all his Prayers are Curses on the Government;
And all his Sermons Libels on the King.
In short, a Pious, Hearty, Factious Priest.

Guise. All that are here my Friends, shall share my Fortunes;
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France*,
'Tis but deserve and have: The *Spanish* King
Consigns me fifty thousand Crowns a Week
To raise and to foment a Civil-War.
'Tis true, a Pension from a Foreign Prince
Sounds Treason in the Letter of the Law,
But good intentions justify the deed.

Cur. Heaven's good; the Cause is good; the Money's good;
No matter whence it comes.

Buss. Our City Bands, are twenty thousand strong;
Well Disciplin'd, well Arm'd, well season'd Traitors;
Thick rinded heads, that leave no room for *Kernel*;
Shop Consciences, of proof against an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tin'd for a Rebellion.

Guise. Why then the Noble Plot is fit for birth;
And Labouring *France* cries out for Midwife-hands.
We miss'd surprizing of the King at *Blois*,
When last the States were held; 'twas over-sight:
Beware we make not such another Blot.

Card. This Holy time of *Lent* we have him sure;
He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that Procession, he's more fit for Heav'n:
What hinders us to seize the Royal Penitent,
And close him in a Cloyster?

Cur. Or dispatch him: I love to make all sure.

Guise. No; guard him safe;
Thin Diet will do well; 'twill starve him into Reason,
Till he exlude his Brother of *Navarre*,
And graft Succession on a worthier Choice:
To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms,
Shall stand prepar'd to enter at your call;

And speed the Work: St. *Martins Gate* was nam'd:
But the *Sheriff Conty*, who Commands that Ward,
Refus'd me passage there.
Buss. I know that *Conty*:
A Sniveling, Conscientious, Loyal Rogue:
He'll Peach, and Ruine all.
Card. Give out he's Arbitrary; a *Navarrist*;
A Heretick; discredit him betimes;
And make his *Witness* void.
Cur. I'll swear him Guilty.
I swallow Oaths as easie as Snap-dragon,
Mock-Fire that never burns.
Guise. Then *Bussy*, be't your care t'admit my Troops,
At *Porte* St. *Honore*: (*rises*) Night wears apace,
And Day-light must not peep on Dark Designs.
I will my self to Court; Pay Formal Duty;
Take leave; and to my Government retire:
Impatient to be soon recall'd; to see
The King Imprison'd, and the Nation free. [*Exeunt all but* Guise.

Enter Malicorn *solus.*

Mal. Each dismal Minute when I call to Mind
The Promise that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty years to be his Slave,
Of which near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of reason rowl into their Spring.
O horrid thought! but one and twenty years,
And twelve near past, then to be steep'd in Fire,
Dash'd against Rocks, or snatcht from molten Lead,
Reeking, and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
And quench'd ten thousand fathom in the deep!
But hark! he comes, see there, my Blood stands still, { *Knocking at the Door.*
My Spirits start an end for *Guise's* Fate.

A Devil rises.

Mal. What Counsel does the Fate of *Guise* require?
Dev. Remember with his Prince there's no de
But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;

Let

Let not the fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
The Tomb is ſtill, whatever Fools believe;
Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
Proverbs and Morals, let the Waxen King
That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
Let *Guiſe* by Blood reſolve to mount to Pow'r,
And he is Great as *Mecha*'s Emperour;
He comes, bid him not ſtand on Altar Vows,
But then ſtrike deepeſt, when he loweſt bows;
Tell him Fate's aw'd when an Uſurper Springs,
And joyns to crow'd out Juſt Indulgeat Kings. [*Vaniſhes.*

Enter the Duke of Guiſe, *and Duke of* Mayen.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives
To your profeſt and moſt inveterate Foes;
But if he were inclin'd, as we could wiſh him,
There is a Lady Regent at his Ear,
That never Pardons.

Guiſe. Poyſon on her Name,
Take my hand on't, that Cormorant *Dowager*
Will never reſt, till ſhe has all our Heads
In her lap. I was at *Bayon* with her,
When She, the King, and Griſly *d'Alva* met;
Methinks I ſee her liſtening now before me,
Marking the very motion of his *Beard*,
His Op'ning Noſtrils and his Dropping Lids,
I hear him Croak too to the Gaping Council;
Fiſh for the great Fiſh, take no care for Frogs,
Cut off the Poppy-Heads, Sir; *Madam*, charm
the Winds but faſt, the Billows will be ſtill.

May. But Sir, how comes it you ſhould be thus warm,
Still puſhing Councils when among your Friends;
Yet at the Court Cautious and cold as Age,
Your Voice, your Eyes, your Meen ſo different,
You ſeem to me two Men.

Guiſe. The Reaſon's plain,
Hot with my Friends, becauſe the Queſtion giv'n,
I ſtart the Judgment right where others drag.
This is the E[illegible] of Equal Elements,

And

And Atoms justly pois'd; nor should you wonder
More at the strength of Body than of Mind;
'Tis equally the same to see me plunge
Headlong into the *Seine* all over Arm'd,
And Plow against the Torrent to my point,
As 'twas to hear my Judgment on the *Germans*;
This to another Man wou'd be a brag,
Or at the Court among my Enemies,
To be as I am here quite off my Guard,
Would make me such another thing as *Grillon*,
A blunt, hot, honest, downright, valiant Fool.

May. Yet this you must allow a failure in you,
You love his Neece, and to a Politician,
All Passion's bane, but Love directly death.

Guise. False, false, my *Mayen*, thou'rt but half *Guise* agen;
Were she not such a wondrous Composition;
A Soul so flush'd as mine is with Ambition,
Sagacious and so nice, must have disdain'd her;
But she was made when Nature was in humour,
As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
Where all the honest Atoms fought their way;
Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
But left the dregs of Wickedness behind.

May. Have you not told her what we have in hand?

Guise. My utmost aim has been to hide it from her,
But there I'm short, by the long Chain of Causes
She has scan'd it, just as if she were my Soul,
And though I flew about with Circumstances,
Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
Yet through the Histories of our Lives, she look'd;
She saw, she overcame.

May. Why then, we're all undone.

Guise. Agen you err.
Chast as she is, she wou'd as soon give up
Her Honour, as betray me to the King;
I tell thee, she's the Character of Heaven;
Such an habitual over-Womanly Goodness,
She dazles, walks meer Angel upon Earth.
But see, she comes, call the Cardinal *Guise*,
While *Malicorn* attends for some Dispatches,

Before

Before I take my farewell of the Court.

Enter Marmoutire.

Mar. Ah *Guiſe*, you are undone.
Guiſe. How, Madam?
Mar. Loſt,
Beyond the poſſibility of hope,
Deſpair, and die.
Guiſe. You menace deeply Madam,
And ſhould this come from any Mouth but yours,
My ſmile ſhould anſwer how the ruine touch'd me.
Mar. Why do you leave the Court?
Guiſe. The Court leaves me.
Mar. Were there no more but wearineſs of State,
Or cou'd you like great *Scipio* retire,
Call *Rome* ungrateful, and ſit down with that;
Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the ſullied Conqueſts you can boaſt;
But Oh, you want that *Roman* Maſterie;
You have too much of the tumultuous times.
And I muſt mourn the Fate of your Ambition.
Guiſe. Becauſe the King diſdains my Services,
Muſt I not let him know I dare begon?
What when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not caſt 'em backward if I can;
And at his Feet make known their villany?
Mar. No *Guiſe*, not at his Feet, but on his Head;
For there you ſtrike.
Guiſe. Madam, you wrong me now;
For ſtill what-e're ſhall come in Fortunes whirle,
His Perſon muſt be ſafe.
Mar. I cannot think it.
However, your laſt words confeſs too much.
Confeſs, what need I urge that Evidence,
When every hour I ſee you Court the Crowd,
When with the ſhouts of the Rebellious Rabble,
I ſee you born on ſhoulders to Cabals;
Where with the Traiterous Council of Sixteen,
You ſit and Plot the Royal *Henry's* Death.

Cloud

Cloud the Majeſtick Name with Fumes of Wine,
Infamous Scrowls, and Treaſonable Verſe;
While, on the other ſide, the Name of *Guiſe*,
By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung,
Pamphleteers, Balladmongers ſing your Ruine,
While all the Vermin of the vile *Pariſians*
Toſs up their greaſie Caps where e're you paſs,
And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.

Guiſe. Can I help this?

Mar. By Heaven, I'd Earth my ſelf,
Rather than live to act ſuch black Ambition:
But, Sir, you ſeek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This Side and that Side congeing to the Crowd;
You have your Writers too, that cant your Battels,
That ſtile you the New *David*, Second *Moſes*,
Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
Thus from the City, as from the Heart they ſpread
Thro all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Wonders,
Then cry, The King, the King's a *Hugonot*,
And, ſpight of us, will have *Navar* ſucceed,
Spight of the Laws, and ſpight of our Religion:
But we will pull 'em down, down with 'em, down. [*Kneels.*

Guiſe. Ha, Madam! Why this Poſture?

Mar. Hear me, Sir:
For, if 'tis poſſible, my Lord, I'll move you.
Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
E're 'tis too late, I beg you by theſe Tears,
Theſe Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
That bleeds to death, O ſeek the Beſt of Kings,
Kneel, fling your ſtubborn Body at his Feet:
Your Pardon ſhall be ſign'd, your Country ſav'd,
Virgins and Matrons all ſhall ſing your Fame,
And every Babe ſhall bleſs the *Guiſe*'s Name.

Guiſe. O riſe, thou Image of the Deity;
You ſhall prevail, I will do any thing;
You have broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
And all my Powers now float in Peace agen:
Be ſatisfi'd that I will ſee the King,

Kneel to him, e're I Journey to *Champagn*,
And beg a kind Farewell.
Mar. No, no, my Lord;
I see, thro that, you but withdraw a while,
To muster all the Forces that you can,
And then rejoyn the Council of Sixteen.
You must not go.
Guise. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour.
Mar. Would all those Heads were off, so yours were sav'd.
Once more, O *Guise*, the weeping *Marmoutire*
Entreats you do not go.
Guise. Is't possible
That *Guise* should say, in this he must refuse you?
Mar. Go then, my Lord. I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me the King loves me:
Read it, there is no more than what you hear.
I have Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em:
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.
Guise. But, Madam, I have often heard you say,
You lov'd not Courts.
Mar. Perhaps I have chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And such a King, so Good, so Just, so Great,
That at his Birth the Heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at last cry'd out, This is a Man.
Guise. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.
Mar. Go to your Government, and try.
Guise. I will.
Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.
Guise. By Heaven
I swear, you cannot, shall not, dare not see him.
Mar. By Heaven I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your Stay shall hinder me;
For now, methinks, I long for't.
Guise. Possible!
Mar. I'll give you yet a little time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll stand,
Nay, you shall see me kneel, and kiss his Hand. [*Exit.*

Guise.

Guiſe. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother-Queen and *Eſpernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonſo Corſo* too,
All packt to plot, and turn me into Madneſs. [*Reading the Letter.*

Enter Cardinal Guiſe, *Duke of* Mayen, Malicorn, &c.

Ha! can it be! *Madam, the King loves you.* [*Reads.*
But Vengeance I will have; to pieces, thus,
To pieces with 'em all. [*Tears the Letter.*
Card. Speak lower.
Guiſe. No;
By all the Torments of this galling Paſſion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, ſo loud,
My Father's Ghoſt ſhall hear me up to Heaven.
Card. Contain your ſelf; this Outrage will undo us.
Guiſe. All things are ripe, and Love new points their Ruine.
Ha! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our Power, ſhould they eſcape our Juſtice?
I ſee by each Mans laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you ſwear the like Revenge.
For me, I wiſh that mine may both rot off——
Card. No more.
May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.
Guiſe. I go—— That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barbers Hands, Impoſthumes choak me,
If while alive I ceaſe to chew their Ruine;
Alphonſo Corſo, *Grillon*, Prieſt, together,
To hang 'em in Effigie, nay, to tread,
Drag, ſtamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead, [*Exeunt*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene, Polin.

Q. M. PRay mark the Form of the Conſpiracy;
Guiſe gives it out he Journeys to *Champagn*,

But lurks indeed at *Lagny*, hard by *Paris*,
Where every Hour he hears, and gives Instructions.
Mean time the Council of Sixteen assure him
They have Twenty thousand Citizens in Arms.
Is it not so, *Polin*?

Pol. True, on my Life;
And if the King doubts the Discovery,
Send me to the *Bastile* till all be prov'd.

Q. M. Call Colonel *Grillon*, the King would speak with him. [*Exit* Polin.

Abbot. Was ever Age like this?

Q. M. Polin is honest:
Beside, the whole Proceeding is so like
The hair-brain'd Rout, I guess'd as much before.
Know then, it is resolv'd to seize the King,
When next he goes in Penitential Weeds,
Among the Friars, without his usual Guards;
Then, under shew of Popular Sedition,
For Safety, shut him in a Monastery,
And sacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.

Abbot. When is this Council to be held again?

Q. M. Immediately upon the Duke's departure.

Abbot. Why sends not then the King sufficient Guards,
To seise the Fiends, and hew 'em into pieces?

Q. M. 'Tis in appearance easie, but th' Effect
Most hazardous; for straight, upon th' Alarm,
The City would be sure to be in Arms:
Therefore to undertake, and not to compass,
Were to come off with Ruine and Dishonour.
You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Bisogna Coprierst*:
He that will venture on a Hornets Nest,
Should Arm his Head, and Buckler well his Breast.

Abbot. But wherefore seems the King so unresolv'd?

Q. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonstration,
Told him Necessity cry'd out to take
A Resolution to preserve his Life,
And look on *Guise* as a reclaimless Rebel.
But thro the Natural Sweetness of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,
Madam, I will consider what you say.

Abbot. Yet after all, could we but fix him.

Q. M.

Q. M. Right,
The Buſineſs were more firm for this Delay;
For Nobleſt Natures, tho they ſuffer long,
When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Danger.
But ſee, he comes, *Alphonſo Corſo* with him;
Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoyn him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Alphonſo Corſo.

King. Alphonſo Corſo.
Alph. Sir.
King. I think thou lov'ſt me.
Alph. More than my Life.
King. That's much; yet I believe thee.
My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by That: but, my *Alphonſo*,
She has a Cruel Wit.
Alph. The Provocation, Sir.
King. I know it well:
But if thou'dſt have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Name of Kings.
What Honours, Intereſt, were the World to buy him,
Shall make a Brave Man ſmile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, ſo cry'd up in Story.
Cæſar did ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremoſt in the Field; but ſneaking *Brutus*,
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Boſom, ſtabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot which *Tully*'s Eloquence
Could ne're wipe off, tho the miſtaken Man
Makes bold to call thoſe Traytors, Men Divine.
Alph. Tully was wiſe, but wanted Conſtancy.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene.

Q. M. Good-even, Sir; 'tis juſt the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees.
King. Oh, Madam.

Q. M.

Q. M. Sir.

King. Oh Mother, but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddl'd up in Night.

Q. M. Speak then, for Speech is morning to the Mind,
It spreads the Beautious Images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.

King. You would Embark me in a Sea of Blood.

Q. M. You see the Plot directly on your Person;
But give it ore, I did but state the Case.
Take *Guise* into your Heart, and drive your Friends,
Let Knaves in Shops prescribe you how to sway,
And when they read your Acts with their vile Breath,
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that;
Then in a drove come Lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'l have it mended, that they will;
Or you shall be no King.

King. 'Tis true, the People
Ne're know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But O, if the Design we lay should fail,
Better the Traytors never should be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.

Q. M. No Sir; you cannot fear the sure Design;
But I have liv'd too long, since my own Blood
Dares not Confide in her that gave him Being.

King. Stay Madam, stay, come back, forgive my fears;
Where all our thoughts should creep like deepest streams,
Know then I hate aspiring, *Guise* to Death,
Whor'd *Margerite*, Plots upon my life,
And shall I not Revenge?

Q. M. Why this is *Harry*;
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Bloom
He saw the Admiral *Colligny's* Back.

King. O this Whale *Guise*, with all the *Lorain* Fry,
Might I but view him after his Plots and Plunges,
Strook on those Cowring Shallows that await him.
This were a *Florence* Master-piece indeed.

Q. M. He comes to take his leave.

King. Then for *Champagn*;
But lies in wait till *Paris* is in Arms.
Call *Grillon* in, all that I beg you now,

Is to be hush'd upon the Consultation,
As Urns that never blab.

Q. M. Doubt not your Friends;
Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

Enter Grillon.

King. Welcome my Honest Man, my old try'd Friend.
Why dost thou flye me *Grillon*, and Retire?

Grill. Rather let me demand your Majesty,
Why fly you from your self? I've heard you say,
You'd Arm against the League, why do you not?
The Thoughts of such as you, are Starts Divine,
And when you mould with second Cast the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the Golden Vapour's gone.

King. Soft, my Old Friend, *Guise* Plots upon my life,
Polin shall tell thee more; hast thou not heard
Th'unsufferable Affronts he daily offers,
War without Treasure on the *Hugonots*,
While I am forc'd against my bent of Soul,
Against all Laws, all Custom, Right, Succession,
To cast *Navar* from the Imperial Line.

Grill. Why do you Sir? Death, let me tell the Traytor?

King. Peace, *Guise* is going to his Government;
You are his Foe of Old: Go to him *Grillon*;
Visit him as from me, to be Employ'd
In this great War against the *Hugonots*;
And prethee tell him roundly of his Faults;
No farther, Honest *Grillon*.

Grill. Shall I fight him?

King. I charge thee not.

Grill. If he provokes me, strike him?
You'l Grant me that?

King. Not so, my Honest Souldier.
Yet speak to him.

Grill. I will by Heav'n to th' purpose,
And if he force a beating, who can help it. [*Exit.* Grill.

King. Follow *Alphonso*, when the storm is up,
Call me to part 'em.

Q. M. *Grillon*, to ask him Pardon,

Will

Will let *Guise* know, we are not in the Dark.

King. You hit the Judgment; yet, O yet, there's more,
Something upon my heart, after these Counsels,
So soft, and so unworthy to be nam'd.

Q. M. They say that *Grillon's* Niece is come to Court,
And means to kiss Your Hand. [*Exit.* Q. Mother.

King. Could I but hope it.
O my Dear Father, pardon me in this,
And then enjoyn me all that Man can suffer;
But sure the Powers above will take our Tears
For such a fault, Love is so like themselves. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 2. *The Louvre.*

Enter Guise *attended with his Family,* Marmoutire *meeting him New Dreſt, attended,* &c.

Guise. Furies, she keeps her Word, and I am lost;
Yet let not thy Ambition shew it to her,
For after all she does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Design: Madam, I see
You're come to Court; the Robes you wear become you,
Your Air, your Meen, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will Kill at least your thousand in a day.

Mar. What, a whole day, and kill but one poor thousand?
An hour you mean, and in that hour ten thousand?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murder.
Mend me this Curle.

Guise. Woman!

Mar. You see, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you: I swear
The Court's a Heav'nly Place; but O my Heart,
I know not why that sigh should come uncall'd;
Perhaps 'twas for your going, yet I swear
I never was so mov'd, O *Guise*, as now;
Just as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I saw the King.

Guise. Woman, all over Woman.
The World confesses, Madam, *Henry's* Form
Is Noble and Majestick.

Mar.

Mar. O you grudge
The extorted Praiſe, and ſpeak him but by halfs.
Guiſe. Prieſt, *Corſo*, Devils! how ſhe carries it!
Mar. I ſee, my Lord, you are come to take your leave;
And were it not to give the Court Suſpicion,
I would oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.
Guiſe. Death and the Devil!
Mar. But ſince that cannot be, I'le take my leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey ſafe.
Farwell once more. Not ſtir? Does this become you?
Does your Ambition ſwell into your Eyes?
Jealouſie by this Light: Nay then, proud *Guiſe*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace,
But I will carry't, Sir, to thoſe that are,
And leave you to the Curſe of Boſom-War. [*Exit.*
May. Is this the Heavenly?
Guiſe. Devil, Devil, as they are all;
Tis true, at firſt ſhe caught the Heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition ſets her on her Head,
By Hell, I ſee the Cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! ſome New Court-Trick upon me.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. Sir, I have buſineſs for your Ear.
Guiſe. Retire. [*Exeunt his Followers.*
Grill. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court.
Guiſe. The King
Still loads me with New Honours, but none greater
Than this, the laſt.
Grill. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commiſſion againſt the *Hugonots*;
I and my Family ſhall ſhortly wait you,
And 'twill be Glorious Work.
Guiſe. If you are there,
There muſt be Action.
Girll. O, your Pardon, Sir,
I'm but a Sripling in the Trade of War;

But you, whose Life is one continued Broyl,
What will not your triumphant Arms accomplish!
You, that were form'd for Mastery in War,
That, with a start, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
To Horse, and slaughter'd forty thousand *Germans*.

Guise. Let me beseech you, Colonel, no more.

Grill. But, Sir, since I must make at least a Figure
In this great Business, let me understand
What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
Upon so dangerous an Expedition.

Guise. Sir, I intend the Greatness of the King,
The Greatness of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Business, Aim, and Glory,
And where so proper, as upon those Rebels
That covered all the State with Blood and Death?

Grill. Stor'd Arsenals and Armories, Fields of Horse,
Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry, not Harrass'd and Diseas'd,
To meet the fierce *Navar*, should first be thought on.

Guise. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
Therefore, thus much, and I have done: I go
To join the Holy League in this great War,
In which no place of Office, or Command,
Not of the Greatest, shall be bought or sold;
Whereas too Honours often are Conferr'd
On Souldiers, and no Souldiers: This Man Knighted
Because he Charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
And stalk'd behind a Hedg i'th' Afternoon:
I will have strict Examination made
Betwixt the Meritorious and the Base.

Grill. You have Mouth'd it bravely, and there is no doubt,
Your Deeds would answer well your haughty Words;
Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
Curse on the Hearts that hate him, that would better,
Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
That better would become the Great Battalion;
That when he Shines in Arms, and Suns the Field,
Moves, Speaks, and Fights, and is himself a War.

Guise. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the Great *Navarr*;
But yet,——

Grill.

Grill. No Yet, my Lord of *Guise*, no Yet;
By Arms, I bar you that; I swear, No Yet.
For never was his like, nor shall again,
Tho' voted from his Right by your Curs'd League.
Guise. Judge not too rashly of the Holy League,
But look at home.
Grill. Ha! dar'st thou justifie
Those Villains?
Guise. I'le not justify a Villain
More than your self; but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each surmise, the Lives of Free-born People,
What need that Awful General Convocation,
The Assembly of the States? Nay let me urge,
If thus they villifie the Holy League,
What may their Heads expect?
Grill. What, if I cou'd,
They should be certain of, whole Piles of Fire.
Guise. Collonel, 'tis very well I know your Mind,
Which, without fear, or flattery to your Person,
I'le tell the King, and then, with his permission,
Proclaim it for a warning to our People.
Grill. Come, you're a Murderer your self within,
A Traytor.
Guise. Thou a—hot old Hair-brain'd Fool.
Grill. You were Complotter with the Curs'd League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry*'s Death.
Guise. 'Tis false.
Grill. 'Tis true, as thou art double-hearted:
Thou double Traytor, to Conspire so basely,
And when found out, more basely to deny't.
Guise. O Gracious *Harry*, let me sound thy Name,
Lest this old rust of War, this knotty Trifler,
Should raise me to extreames.
Grill. If thou'rt a Man,
That did'st refuse the Challenge of *Navar*,
Come forth.
Guise. Go on, since thou'rt resolv'd on Death,
I'le follow thee, and rid thy shaking Soul.

Enter King, Queen Mother, Alphonso, Abbot, &c.

But see, the King: I scorn to ruin thee,
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. Ha, Colonel, is this your Friendly visit?
Tell me the truth, how happen'd this disorder?
Those ruffl'd Hands, red Looks, and port of Fury?

Grill. I told him, Sir, since you will have it so,
He was the Author of the Rebel League,
Therefore a Traytor, and a Murderer.

King. Is't possible?

Guise. No matter, Sir, no matter;
A few hot words, no more upon my Life;
The old Man rowz'd, and shook himself a little:
So if your Majesty will do me Honour,
I do beseech you let the business die.

King. Grillon, submit your self, and ask his pardon.

Grill. Pardon me, I cannot do't.

King. Where are the Guards?

Guise. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'le ask Pardon for you.
This Souldierly Embrace makes up the breach;
We will be sorry, Sir, for one another.

Grill. My Lord, I know not what to answer you,
I'm friends, and I am not, and so farewell. [*Exit.*

King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,
Take this Embrace: I court you for my Friend,
Tho' *Grillon* would not.

Guise. I thank you on my Knees.
And still while Life shall last, will take strict care
To justify my Loyalty to your Person. [*Exit.*

Q. M. Excellent Loyalty, to lock you up!

King. I see even to the bottom of his Soul:
And, Madam, I must say the *Guise* has Beauties,
But they are set in Night, and foul Design:
He was my Friend when young, and might be still.

Abbot. Mark'd you his hollow accents at the parting?

Q. M. Graves in his Smiles.

King. Death in his bloodless Hands.
O *Marmoutiere*! now I will haste to meet thee;

The

The Face of Beauty, on this rising Horrour,
Looks like the midnight-Moon upon a Murder;
It gilds the dark design that stays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grillon *and* Polin.

Grill. HAve then this Pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your late Discovery of the Plot?
Pol. Not as from me, for still I kennel with them,
And bark as loud as the most deep-mouth'd Traytor,
Against the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Procession, seise him,
And clap the *Chilperick* in a Monastry;
Thus it was fixt, as I before discover'd:
But when, against his Custom, they perceiv'd
The King absented, streight the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.
Grill. O, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their Mungrel Souls; flesh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'l run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.
Pol. But *Malicorn*, sagacious on the point,
Cry'd, Call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raise you above hope,
The *Guise* my Master will be here to day,
For, on bare gues's of what has been revealed,
He wing'd a Messenger to give him notice;
Yet spight of all this Factor of the Fiends
Cou'd urge, they slunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But see, they come.

Enter

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Grill. Away, I'le have amongſt 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guiſes* coming,
That he may ſtraight diſpatch his ſtrict Commands
To ſtop him.

1. *Sher.* Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbuſs o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his Face.

Grill. Hark you my Friends, if you are not in haſte,
Becauſe you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a General Ruine.

2. *Sher.* Ruine to the City! marry, Heaven forbid!

Grill. Amen, I ſay; for look you, I'm your Friend:
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To ſeize him, if not kill him; for who knows,
When once your Conſcience yields, how far 'twill ſtretch;
Next, quite to daſh your firmeſt hopes in pieces,
The Duke of *Guiſe* is dead.

1. *Sher.* Dead, Colonel!

2. *Sher.* Undone, undone!

Grill. The World cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at laſt,
Should joyn the *Spaniard*, and ſhou'd fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a moſt Venemous one,
Which muſt be blooded?

1. *Sher.* Blooded, Colonel!

Grill. Ay, blooded, thou moſt Infamous Magiſtrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*;
But 'ere that be, fall million miſcreant Souls,
Such Earth-born minds as yours; for, mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages paſt conſign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes, to Imperial hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your ſickly Years,
And now your grown up to a Boobies Greatneſs,
What, wou'd you wreſt the Scepter from his Hand?
Now, by the Majeſtie of Kings I ſwear,
You ſhall as ſoon be ſav'd for packing Juries.

1. *Sher.* Why, Sir, mayn't Citizens be ſav'd?

Grill.

Grill. Yes, Sir,
From drowning, to be hangd, burnt, broke o'th' Wheel.
1. *Sher.* Colonel, you ſpeak us plain.
Grill. A Plague confound you,
Why ſhould I not? what is there in ſuch Raskals
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my tongue?
Now, in the Devils name, what make you here,
Dawbing the inſide of the Court like Snails,
Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns?
To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
And what the Cabinet Council, then to th' City
To ſpread your monſtrous Lyes, and ſow Sedition?
Wild-fire choak you.
1. *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,
And ſo we take our leaves?
Grill. Nay, ſtay, my Maſters;
For I'm a thinking now juſt whereabouts
Grow the two talleſt Trees in *Arden* Foreſt.
1. *Sher.* For what, pray Colonel, if we may be ſo bold?
Grill. Why to hang you upon the higheſt Branches;
Fore-God it will be ſo; and I ſhall laugh
To ſee you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
With the honeſt Crows pecking your Traytors Limbs.
All. Good Colonel!
Grill. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
You moving Dirt, you rank ſtark Muck o'th' World,
You Oven-Bats, you things ſo far from Souls,
Like Dogs, you're out of Providence's reach,
And only fit for hanging; but be gone,
And think of Plunder——You right Elder Sheriff,
Who Carv'd our *Henry's* Image on a Table,
At your Club-Feaſt, and after ſtabb'd it through?
1. *Sher.* Mercy, good Colonel.
Grill. Run with your Noſe to Earth,
Run Blood-hound, run, and ſcent out Royal Murder.
You ſecond Rogue, but equal to the firſt,
Plunder, Go hang, may take your tackling with you,
For theſe ſhall hold you faſt, your Slaves ſhall hang you
To the mid Region in the Sun: { *Exeunt Sheriffs and People.* }
Plunder, be gone Vipers, Aſps, and Adders.

Enter

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Grill. Away, I'le have amongſt 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guiſes* coming,
That he may ſtraight diſpatch his ſtrict Commands
To ſtop him.

1. *Sher.* Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbuſs o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his Face.

Grill. Hark you my Friends, if you are not in haſte,
Becauſe you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a General Ruine.

2. *Sher.* Ruine to the City! marry, Heaven forbid!

Grill. Amen, I ſay; for look you, I'm your Friend:
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To ſeize him, if not kill him; for who knows,
When once your Conſcience yields, how far 'twill ſtretch;
Next, quite to daſh your firmeſt hopes in pieces,
The Duke of *Guiſe* is dead.

1. *Sher.* Dead, Colonel!

2. *Sher.* Undone, undone!

Grill. The World cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at laſt,
Should joyn the *Spaniard*, and ſhou'd fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a moſt Venemous one,
Which muſt be blooded?

1. *Sher.* Blooded, Colonel!

Grill. Ay, blooded, thou moſt Infamous Magiſtrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*;
But 'ere that be, fall million miſcreant Souls,
Such Earth-born minds as yours; for, mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages paſt conſign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes, to Imperial hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your ſickly Years,
And now your grown up to a Boobies Greatneſs,
What, wou'd you wreſt the Scepter from his Hand?
Now, by the Majeſtie of Kings I ſwear,
You ſhall as ſoon be ſav'd for packing Juries.

2. *Sher.* Why, Sir, mayn't Citizens be ſav'd?

Grill.

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From drowning, to be hangd, burnt, broke o'th' Wheel.
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To the mid Region in the Sun: { *Exeunt Sheriffs and People.* }
Plunder, be gone Vipers, Aſps, and Adders.

Enter

Enter Malicorn.

Ha, but here comes a Fiend that ſoars above,
A Prince o'th' Air, that ſets the Mud a moving.
Mal. Collonel, a word.
Grill. I hold no ſpeech with Villains.
Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.
Gril. No matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
Than live by ſuch a Villains help as thine.
Mal. Hate then the Traytor, but yet love the Treaſon.
Gril. Why, are not you a Villain?
Mal. 'Tis confeſs'd.
Grill. Then in the Name of all thy Brother Devils,
What wou'dſt thou have with me?
Mal. I know you're honeſt,
Therefore it is my buſineſs to diſturb you.
Grill. Fore God I'le beat thee, if thou urge me farther.
Mal. Why tho' you ſhou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The pleaſure I ſhall take in your vexation,
Will heal my Bruiſes.
Grill. Wert thou definite Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I ſhould give thee hearing;
But ſuch a boundleſs Villany as thine,
Admits no Patience.
Mal. Your Niece is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry*'s Bed.
Grill. Thou ly'ſt, damn'd Villain. [*Strikes him.*
Mal. So, why this I look'd for:
But yet I ſwear by Hell, and my Revenge,
'Tis true as you have wrong'd me.
Grill. Wrong'd thee, Villain!
And name Revenge! O wer't thou *Grillon*'s Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I ſwear by this
One had been paſt an Oath; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee dar'ſt not turn again.
Mal. 'Tis falſe, I dare like you, but cannot act;
There is no force in this Enervate Arm.
Blaſted I was e're born, Curſe on my Stars,
Got by ſome dotard in his pithleſs Years,

And sent a wither'd Saplin to the world.
Yet I've Brain, and there is my Revenge;
Therefore I say agen these Eyes have seen
Thy Blood at Court bright as a Summers Morn,
When all the Heaven is streak'd with dappl'd Fires,
And fleck'd with Blushes like a rifl'd Maid;
Nay, by the Gleamy Fires that melted from her
Fast Sighs and Smiles, swoln Lips and heaving Breasts,
My Soul presages *Henry* has enjoy'd her.

Grill. Again thou ly'st; and I will crumble thee,
Thou bottl'd Spider, into thy Primitive Earth,
Unless thou swear thy very Thought's a Lye.

Mal. I stand in Adamant, and thus defie thee;
Nay draw, and with the edge betwixt my Lips,
Even while thou rak'st it through my Teeth, I'le swear
All I have said is true, as thou art honest,
Or I a Villain.

Grill. Damn'd infamous Wretch,
So much below my scorn, I dare not kill thee:
And yet so much my hate, that I must fear thee.
For should it be as thou hast said, not all
The Trophies of my Lawrell'd Honesty
Shou'd bar me from forsaking this bad World,
And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.

Mal. Ha, 'tis well, and now I am Reveng'd.
I was in hopes thou would'st have utter' Treason,
And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.

Grill. Hast thou Compacted for a Lease of Years
With Hell, that thus thou venturist to provoke me?

Mal. Perhaps I have: (How right the Blockhead hits.)
Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
Thy Niece has been before the *Guise's* Mistress.

Grill. Hell-hound, avant.

Mal. Forgive my honest meaning. [*Exit.*

Grill. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine honour,
And thus he lays his Baits to Catch my Soul:
Ha! but the Presence Opens, who comes here!
By Heaven my Niece, led by *Alphonso Corso*!
Ha, *Malicorn* is't possible, Truth from thee!
Tis plain, and I in Justifying Woman

Have done the Devil wrong.

Alph. Madam, the King,
Please you to sit, will instantly attend you.

Grill. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, she comes to seek him,
O Prostitute, and on her prodigal Flesh
She has lavish'd all the Diamonds of the *Guise*
To set her off, and sell her to the King.

Mar. O Heavens! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterprise like mine? I that resolv'd
Never to leave those dear delightful Shades,
But act the little part that Nature gave me,
On the Green Carpets of some guiltless Grove,
And having finish'd it forsake the World,
Unless sometimes my Heart might entertain
Some small remembrance of the taking *Guise*:
But that far, far from any dark'ning Thought,
To Cloud my Honour, or Eclipse my Virtue.

Grill. Thou ly'st, and if thou hadst not glanc'd aside,
And spy'd me coming, I had had it all.

Mar. By Heav'n, by all that's good——

Grill. Thou hast lost thy Honour,
Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Ruffian in the Massacre,
That would have stain'd thy almost Infant Honour,
With Lust, and Blood, dost thou remember it?

Mar. I do, and bless the Godlike Arm that sav'd me.

Grill. 'Tis false, thou hast forgot my generous Action;
And now thou laugh'st to think how thou hast cheated,
For all his kindness, this old grizl'd Fool.

Mar. Forbid it Heaven!

Grill. But oh that thou hadst dy'd
Ten thousand Deaths, e're blasted *Grillon's* Glory,
Grillon that sav'd thee from a barbarous World,
Where thou hadst starv'd, or sold thy self for Bread,
Took thee into his Bosom, foster'd thee
As his own Soul, and lap'd thee in his *Heart-strings*;
And now, for all my Cares, to serve me thus!
O 'tis too much ye Powers! double Confusion
On all my Wars; and oh, out, shame upon thee,
It wrings the *Tears* from *Grillon's Iron Heart*,

And

And melts me to a *Babe*.
Mar. Sir, Father, hear me;
I come to Court, to ſave the Life of *Guiſe*.
Grill. And proſtitute thy Honour to the King.
Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State;
And to advance this dangerous Inquiſition,
I liſtn'd to the Love of daring *Guiſe*.
Grill. By Arms, by Honeſty, I ſwear thou lov'ſt him.
Mar. By Heav'n, that gave thoſe Arms ſucceſs, I ſwear
I do not, as you think, but take it all:
I've heard the *Guiſe*, not with an Angels temper,
Something beyond the tenderneſs of pity,
And yet, not Love.
Now, by the Powers that fram'd me, this is all;
Nor ſhould the World have wrought this cloſe Confeſſion,
But to rebate your jealouſie of Honour.
Grill. I know not what to ſay, nor what to think;
There's Heaven ſtill in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better Angel
Still makes the Womans Tongue his riſing Ground,
Wags there a while, and takes his flight for ever.
Mar. You muſt not go.
Grill. Tho' I have Reaſon plain
As day, to judge thee falſe, I think thee true:
By Heaven, methinks I ſee a Glory round thee;
There's ſomething ſays thou wilt not loſe thy Honour:
Death, and the Devil, that's my own Honeſty:
My fooliſh open Nature, that would have
All like my ſelf; but off; I'le hence and Curſe thee.
Mar. O ſtay!
Grill. I wo'n not.
Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.
Let me conjure you, for your own Souls quiet,
And for the everlaſting reſt of mine,
Stir not till you have heard my Hearts deſign.
Grill. Angel, or Devil, I will——nay, at this rate
She'll make me ſhortly bring him to her Bed,
Bawd for him? No, he ſhall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis Firing, firſt.

That's honourable ſport, but I'll retire,
And if ſhe plays me falſe, here's that ſhall mend her.

[Marmoutiere *Sits, Song and Dance.*

Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-ſick Heart,
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.

Mar. I diſcompoſe you, Sir.

King. Thou doſt, by Heaven;
But with ſuch Charming pleaſure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angels view.

Mar. Love me, my Lord?

King. Who ſhou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and ſelf are vile,
While you are by, try me upon deſpair;
My Kingdom at the ſtake, Ambition ſtarv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aſpire,
So once a day I may have leave——
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.

Mar. Fear you, Sir, what is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can Crown Mankind:
Yet wear 'em ſo, as if you did not know 'em:
So ſtainleſs, fearleſs, free in all your actions,
As if Heaven lent you to the World to Pattern.

King. Madam, I find you're no Petitioner;
My People would not treat me in this ſort;
Tho' 'twere to gain a part of their Deſign:
But to the *Guiſe* they deal their faithleſs Praiſe
As faſt, as you your flattery to me;
Tho' for what end I cannot gueſs, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.

Mar. Forgive you, Heaven! that thought: no, mighty Monarch,
The Love of all the Good, and wonder of the Great;
I ſwear, by Heaven, my Heart adores, and loves you.

King. O, Madam, riſe.

Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this Seditious Rout that dare deſpiſe you;
Blaſt all my days, ye Powers, torment my Nights;

Nay, let the Misery invade my Sex,
That cou'd not for the Royal Cauſe like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you like Pilgrims through the World.

Grill. Sound Wind, and Limb, fore God a gallant Girl. [*Aſide.*

King. What ſhall I anſwer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a Kingly Heart;
For, ſo I ſwear I will be to my Laſt:
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry*'s Angel,
Shine through my Cares, and make my Crown ſit eaſie.

Mar. O never, Sir.

King. What ſaid you, *Marmoutiere?*
Why doſt thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns?

Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impoſſible, no more.

King. No more—and with that ſtern reſolv'd behaviour.
By Heaven, were I a dying, and the Prieſt
Shou'd urge my laſt Confeſſion, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutiere*, and yet thou ſay'ſt, no more.

Mar. 'Tis well, Sir, I have loſt my aim, farewell.

King. Come back, O ſtay, my Life flows after you.

Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a trouble to you,
You will not hear my Suit.

King. You Cannot go,
You ſhannot——O your ſuit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.

Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or proſtrate, if you pleaſe,
Let me intreat for *Guiſe.*

King. Ha, Madam, what!
For *Guiſe*; for *Guiſe*! that ſtubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, ſlights his Pardon,
Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life,
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World
Is ſworn to *Henry*'s Death: does Beauty too,
And Innocence it ſelf, conſpire againſt me;
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my laſt drop of Blood? Come, *Guiſe*, come Cardinal,
All you lov'd Traytors, come——I ſtrip to meet you;
Sheath all your Daggers in Curſt *Henry*'s Heart.

Mar. This I expected, but when you have heard

How

How far I would intreat your Majesty,
Perhaps you'll be more Calm.

King. See, I'm hush'd;
Speak then, how far, Madam, wou'd you Command?

Mar. Not to proceed to last Extremities,
Before the Wound is desperate, think alone,
For no Man Judges like your Majesty;
Take your own Methods, all the heads of *France*
Cannot so well advise you, as your self:
Therefore resume, my Lord, your Godlike temper,
Yet do not bear more than a Monarch should:
Believe it, Sir, the more your Majesty
Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it Carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect Model
Of Heaven it self, and abstract of the Angels,
Forgive the late disturbance of my Soul,
I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockless Stream,
But they dig through the Gravel of my Heart;
Therefore let me conjure you do not go;
'Tis said the *Guise* will come in spight of me;
Suppose it possible, and stay to advise me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal word, no more.

King. I will be easie
To my last gasp, as your own Virgin Thoughts,
And never dare to breathe my Passion more;
Yet you'll allow me now and then to Sigh
As we discourse, and Court you with my Eyes.

Enter Alphonso.

Why do you wave your Hand,
And warn me hence?
So looks the poor Condemn'd,
When Justice beck'ns, there's no hope of Pardon.
Sternly, like you, the Judge his Victim eyes,
And thus, like me, the Wretch despairing dies. [*Exit with Alph.*

Enter

Enter Grillon.

Grill. O Rare, rare Creature, by the Power that made me:
Wer't possible we cou'd be damn'd again:
By some new *Eve*, such Virtue might relieve us;
O I cou'd clasp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
And kiss thy Beauties to a dissolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Uncle, Brother, all the Kin,
The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
Believe, dear Sir, what-e're my actions seem,
I will not lose my Virtue for a Throne.

Grill. Why, I will Carve thee out a Throne my self;
I'le hew down all the Common-wealths in *Christendom*,
And seat thee on their Necks, as high as Heaven.

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Abb. Colonel, your Ear.

Mar. By these whispering Councils,
My Soul presages that the *Guise* is coming:
If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
I'd sacrifice him in the City's sight.
O Heavens! what was't I said? Were I a Man,
I know not that, but, as I am a Virgin,
If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guise*,
It shou'd be kneeling to the Throne for Mercy.
Ha! then thou lov'st, that thou art thus concern'd,
Down, rising mischief, down, or I will kill thee,
Even in thy Cause, and strangle new born pity:
Yet, if he were not married! ha, what then?
His Charms prevail, no, let the Rebel dye.
I faint beneath this strong oppression here,
Reason and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judg, and still let Virtue Conquer;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reason over-winds and Cracks the String. [*Exit.*

Abb. The King dispatches Order upon Order,
With positive Command to stop his coming.

Yet

Yet there is notice given to the City;
Beſides *Belleure* brought but a half account,
How that the *Guiſe* reply'd he would obey
His Majeſty in all, yet if he might
Have leave to juſtify himſelf before him,
He doubted not his Cauſe.

Grill. The Ax, the Ax,
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Pluriſie,
And it muſt bleed. [*Shout within.*

Abbot. Hark, what a ſhout was there!
I'le to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On purpoſe thus.
Let there be Truth or Lies
In this mad Fame, I'le bring you inſtant word. [*Exit* Abbot.

Manet Grillon: *Enter* Guiſe, Cardinal, Mayen, Malicorn, *Attendants*, &c. *Shouts again.*

Grill. Death, and thou Devil, *Malicorn*, is that
Thy Maſter?

Guiſe. Yes, *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guiſe*,
One that wou'd Court you for a Friend.

Grill. A Friend,
Traytor, thou mean'ſt, and ſo I bid thee welcome;
But ſince thou art ſo inſolent thy blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied. [*Exit.*

Guiſe. The bruiſes of his Loyalty have craz'd him. [*Shouts louder.*

Spirit within Sings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, *ho!*
If the Guiſe *reſolves to go,*
I charge, I warn thee let him know,
Perhaps his head may lye too low.

Guiſe. Why, *Malicorn?*

Mal. [*ſtarting.*] Sir, do not ſee the King.

Guiſe. I will.

Mal. 'Tis dangerous.

Guiſe. Therefore I will ſee him,
And ſo report my danger to the People. Halt

Halt to your Judgment, let him, if he dare,
But more, more, more, why, *Malicorn*, again?
I thought a look with us had been a Language;
I'le talk my mind on any point but this
By Glances; ha, not yet, thou makeſt me bluſh
At thy delay; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
Ambition, or a Crown.

Mal. What, *Marmoutiere*!

Guiſe. Ay, there a Generals Heart beat like a Drum,
Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head, and Breaſt,
Ake, as I'de been a Horſe-back forty hours.

Mal. She has ſeen the King.

Guiſe. I thought ſhe might. A trick upon me, well.

Mal. Paſſion o' both ſides.

Guiſe. His thou meaneſt.

Mal. On hers.
Down on her Knees.

Guiſe. And up again, no matter.

Mal. Now all in Tears, now ſmiling, ſad at parting.

Guiſe. Diſſembl'd, for ſhe told me this before,
'Twas all put on that I might hear and rave.

Mal. And ſo, to make ſure work on't, by Conſent
Of *Grillon*, who is made their Bawd.

Guiſe. Away.

Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.

Guiſe. 'Tis falſe, they do belye her.

Mal. But, Sir, I ſaw the Apartment.

Guiſe. What, at Court?

Mal. At Court, and near the King, 'tis true by Heaven,
I never play'd you foul, why ſhould you doubt me?

Guiſe. I wou'd thou hadſt, e're thus unmann'd me, Heart,
Blood, Battles, Fire, and Death, I run, I run.
With this laſt blow, he drives me like a Coward;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the thought of theſe irregular Vapours,
The blood han't burſt my Lips.

Card. Peace, Brother.

Guiſe. By Heaven, I took thee for my Souls Phyſitian,

And doſt thou vomit me with this loath'd peace?
'Tis contradiction; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'le meet him now, tho' Fire, arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd croſs my way. O Jealouſie of Love!
Greater than Fame: Thou eldeſt of the Paſſions,
Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where-e're thou'rt Thron'd in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood, and Ruin.

Card. Have you no temper?

Guiſe. Pray, Sir, give me leave,
A moments thought; ha, but I ſweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that way, 'twill not fix
On ought but vengeance, *Malicorn*; call the People,

[*Shouts within.*

But hark, they ſhout again, I'le on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards;
Yet more, on ſuch exalted Cauſes born,
I'le wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale, while in his Courts without,
The People ſhout him dead with their alarms,
And make his Miſtreſs tremble in his Arms.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene *the Third,*

Enter King and Counſil.

[*Shouts without.*

King. What mean theſe Shouts?

Abb. I told your Majeſty,
The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with hopes
Of their Deliverer.

[*Shouts again.*

King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; ſee, *Alphonſo*, what's the Cauſe.

Enter

Enter Grillon.

Grill. My Lord, the *Guiſe* is come.
King. Is't poſſible! ha, *Grillon*, ſaid'ſt thou, come?
Grill. Why droops the Royal Majeſty? O Sir——
King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But peace, thou feſtring thought, and hide thy Wound;
Where is he?
Grill. With her Majeſty, your Mother;
She has tak'n Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With thirty thouſand Rebels at his heels.
King. What's to be done? No pall upon my Spirit;
But he that loves me beſt, and dares the moſt
On this nice point of Empire, let him ſpeak.
Alph. I would adviſe you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him inſtantly upon the Spot.
Abb. I like *Alphonſo's* Counſel, ſhort, ſure Work,
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Q. M. Sir, the *Guiſe* waits.
King. He enters on his Fate.
Q. M. Not ſo, forbear, the City's up in Arms;
Nor doubt, if in their heat you cut him off,
That they will ſpare the Royal Majeſty.
Once, Sir, let me adviſe, and rule your Fury.
King. You ſhall, I'le ſee him, and I'le ſpare him now.
Q. M. What will you ſay?
King. I know not;
Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,

Double your Guard, and ſtrictly charge the *Swits*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traytor. [*Exit* Grill.
My Heart has ſet thee down, O *Guiſe*, in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood, ne're to be blotted out.

Q. M. Yet you'l relent when this hot fit is over.

King. If I forgive him, may I ne're be forgiv'n;
No, if I tamely bear ſuch inſolence,
What act of Treaſon will the Villains ſtop at?
Seize me, they've ſworn, Impriſon me's the next,
Perhaps Arraign me, and then doom me dead;
But e're I ſuffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on their ſlaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch; which implies, alone
To weild the Scepter, and depend on none. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *the Louvre.*

A Chair of State plac'd; the King appears ſitting in it; a Table by him, on which he leans; Attendants on each ſide of them: amongſt the reſt, Abbot, Grillon, *and* Bellieure. *The* Queen-Mother *enters led by the Duke of* Guiſe, *who makes his approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King riſes, and coming forward, ſpeaks.*

King. I Sent you word you ſhould not come.

Guiſe. Sir, that I came——

King. Why, that you came, I ſee.
Once more, I ſent you word, you ſhould not come.

Guiſe. Not come to throw my ſelf, with all ſubmiſſion,
Beneath your Royal Feet: to put my Cauſe
And Perſon in the Hands of Soveraign Juſtice!

King. Now 'tis with all ſubmiſſion, that's the Preface,
Yet ſtill you came againſt my ſtrict Command,
You diſobey'd me, *Duke*, with all ſubmiſſion.

Guiſe. Sir, it was the laſt neceſſity that drove me
To clear my ſelf of Calumnies, and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd, againſt my Innocence;
Yet had I known it was your expreſs Command,
I ſhould not have approach'd.

King. 'Twas as expreſs, as words could ſignifie;
Stand forth *Bellieure*, it ſhall be prov'd you knew it,
Stand forth, and to this falſe Mans Face declare
Your Meſſage, word for Word.

Bell. Sir, thus it was, I met him on the way,
And plain as I could ſpeak, I gave your Orders,
Juſt in theſe following Words——

King.

King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd,
And I can ſtill be patient, and forgive.
Guiſe. And I can ask forgiveneſs, when I err;
But let my Gracious Maſter, pleaſe to know
The true intent of my miſ-conſtru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame,
From wrong Conſtructions? And——
King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd your Conſcience knows,
You were not wrong'd, were you not plainly told,
That if you dar'd to ſet your Foot in *Paris*,
You ſhou'd be held the cauſe of all Commotions,
That ſhou'd from thence enſue, and yet you came.
Guiſe. Sir, will you pleaſe with patience but to hear me?
King. I will, and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guiſe*,
To clear you to my ſelf.
Guiſe. I had been told
There were in agitation here at Court,
Things of the higheſt note againſt Religion,
Againſt the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honeſt well affected men;
I therefore judg'd——
King. Then you, it ſeems, are Judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion againſt me?
Guiſe. I fear'd it might be repreſented ſo,
And came Reſolv'd——
King. To head the Factious Crowd.
Guiſe. To clear my Innocence.
King. The means for that,
Had been your abſence from this hot-brain'd Town——
Where you, not I, are King——
I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart,
Come what may come, he dies.
Q. M. ſtopping the King. What mean you, Sir,
You tremble and look pale, for Heavens ſake think,
Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.
King. Had I ten thouſand Lives, I'le venture all.
Give me way, Madam.

Q. M.

Q. M. Not to your deſtruction.
The whole *Pariſian* Herd is at your Gates;
A Crowd's a Name too ſmall, they are a Nation,
Numberleſs, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.
King. And that one Soul's the *Guiſe*, I'le rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.
Guiſe. (*aſide.*) My Fate is now i'th' Ballance, Fool within,
I thank thee for thy foreſight.
Q. M. Your Guards oppoſe 'em.
King. Why not? a Multitude's a Bulky Coward.
Q. M. By Heaven there are not Limbs in all your Guards,
For every one a Morſel.
King. *Cæſar* quell'd 'em,
But with a Look and Word.
Q. M. So *Galba* thought.
King. But *Galba* was not *Cæſar*.
Guiſe. I muſt not give 'em time for Reſolution. [*Aſide.*
My Journey, Sir, has diſcompos'd my Health, [*To the King.*
I humbly beg your leave I may retire,
Till your Commands re-call me to your Service. [*Exit* Guiſe.

Manet King, Queen-Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So you have counſell'd well, the Traytors gone.
To mock the meekneſs of an injur'd King, [*To* Queen-Mother.
Why did not you, who gave me part of Life,
Infuſe my Father ſtronger in my Veins?
But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
You pall'd his generous Blood with the dull mixture
Of your *Italian* Food, and milk'd ſlow Arts
Of Womaniſh tameneſs in my Infant Mouth,
Why ſtood I ſtupid elſe, and miſs'd a blow,
Which Heaven and daring folly made ſo fair.
Q. M. I ſtill maintain, 'twas wiſely done to ſpare him.
Grill. A pox o'this unſeaſonable Wiſdom;
He was a Fool to come; if ſo, then they
Who let him go, were ſomewhat.
King. The event, th' event will ſhew us what we were,
For like a blazing Meteor hence he ſhot,
And drew a ſweeping Fiery Train along.

O *Paris, Paris,* once my Seat of Triumph;
But now the Scene of all thy King's misfortunes,
Ungrateful, perjur'd, and Diſloyal Town,
Which by my Royal Preſence I have warm'd
So long, that now the Serpent hiſſes out,
And ſhakes his forked Tongue at Majeſty,
While I——

Q. M. While you loſe time in idle talk.
And uſe no means for ſafety and prevention.

King. What can I do! O Mother, *Abbot, Grillon!*
All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain, my Cauſe is deſperate.
Such an o're-whelming ill makes Grief a Fool,
As if Redreſs were paſt.

Grill. I'le go to the next Sheriff,
And beg the firſt Reverſion of a Rope;
Diſpatch is all my buſineſs, I'le hang for you.

Abbot. 'Tis not ſo bad, as vainly you ſurmiſe;
Some ſpace there is, ſome little ſpace, ſome ſteps
Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
But yet not Arm'd, nor Martiall'd into Order;
Believe it, Sir, the *Guiſe* will not artempt,
'Till he have rowl'd his Snow-ball to a heap.

King. So, then, my Lord, we are a day off from Death;
What ſhall to morrow do?

Abbot. To morrow, Sir.
If hours between ſlide not too idle by,
You may be Maſter of their Deſtiny,
Who now diſpoſe ſo loftily of yours.
Not far without the Suburbs there are Quarter'd
Three thouſand *Swiſſe*, and two *French* Regiments.

King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their head.

Q. M. Send Mareſchal *Byron* to lead 'em up.

King. It ſhall be ſo, by Heaven there's Life in this,
The wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And ſhows a break of Sun-ſhine.
Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And ſee your Souldiers well diſpos'd within,

For

For Safeguard of the Louvre.
Q. Mother. One thing more,
The *Guiſe* (his bus'neſs yet not fully ripe,)
Will treat at leaſt for ſhow of Loyalty:
Let him be met with the ſame Arts he brings.
King. I know, he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your part of me will come in play;
Th' *Italian* Soul ſhall teach me how to ſooth:
Even *Jove* muſt flatter with an empty hand,
'Tis time to thunder, when he gripes the Brand. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Malicorne *ſolus.*
A Night-Scene.

Mal. Thus far the Cauſe of God: but God's or Devils,
I mean my Maſter's Cauſe, and mine ſucceed:
What ſhall the *Guiſe* do next? [*A flaſh of lightning.*

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mel. Firſt ſeize the King, and after murder him.
Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'ſt uncall'd to Night.
Mel. Always uncall'd, and ſtill at hand for miſchief.
Mal. — But why in this Fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'ſt like one that preaches to the Crowd,
Goſpel is in thy Face, and outward Garb,
And Treaſon on thy Tongue.
Mel. Thou haſt me right,
Ten thouſand Devils more are in this Habit,
Saintſhip and Zeal are ſtill our beſt diſguiſe:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtleſs Crowd,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Gloſſes ban the holy Text,
And make it ſpeak Rebellion, Schiſm and Murder,
So turn the Arms of Heaven againſt it ſelf.
Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Euſtace* here?
Mel. Thou art miſtaken Maſter, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has aſſum'd the Churchman's lucky ſhape,
To talk the Crowd to Madneſs and Rebellion.
Mel. O true Enthuſiaſtick Devil, true;
For Lying is thy Nature, even to me:

Didst thou not tell me, If my Lord the *Guise*
Enter'd the Court, his Head should then lie low?
That was a Lye; he went, and is return'd.
Mel. 'Tis false; I said, Perhaps it should lie low.
And, but I chill'd the blood in *Henry*'s veins,
And cram'd a thousand ghastly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thrust 'em foremost in his lab'ring Brain,
Even so it would have been.
Mal. Thou hast deserv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil; What do we next?
Mel. I said, First seize the King.
Mal. Suppose it done:
He's clapt within a Covent, shorn a Saint,
My Master mounts the Throne.
Mel. Not so fast, *Malicorne*;
Thy Master mounts not, till the King be slain.
Mal. Not when depos'd?
Mel. He cannot be depos'd:
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there shone a Regal Star.
Mal. My Master had a stronger.
Mel. No, not a stronger, but more popular.
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guise* now strongest;
But if th' ill Influence pass o'r *Harry*'s Head,
As in a year it will, *France* ne're shall boast
A greater King than he, now cut him off
While yet his Stars are weak.
Mal. Thou talk'st of Stars:
Canst thou not see more deep into Events,
And by a surer way?
Mel. No, *Malicorne*,
The ways of Heaven are brok'n since our Fall,
Gulph, beyond Gulph, and never to be shot:
Once we cou'd read our mighty Maker's mind,
As in a Chrystal Mirror, see th' Idea's
Of things that always are, as He is always.
Now shut below in this dark Sphere,
By Second causes dimly we may guess,
And peep far off on Heavens revolving Orbs,
Which cast obscure Reflections from the Throne.

Mal.

Mal. Then tell me thy Surmiſes of the future.
Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Juſt when the Sun was entering in the Ram:
Th' aſcending Scorpion poyſon'd all the Sky,
A ſign of deep deceit and treachery.
Full on his Cuſp his angry Maſter ſate,
Conjoyn'd with Saturn, baleful both to Man:
Of ſecret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Maſſacres expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill omen'd Year.
Mal. Then flouriſh Hell, and mighty Miſchief reign,
Miſchief to ſome, to others muſt be good;
But hark, for now, tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When ſilence broods upon our darkned world,
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow ſound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.
Mel. 'Tis truly gheſs'd:
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's hand,
There's not a damned Ghoſt, nor Hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo ſcape, but hither flies,
With leathern wings they beat the dusky Skies.
To ſacred Churches all in Swarms repair,
Some crowd the Spires, but moſt the hallow'd Bells,
And ſoftly Toll for Souls departing Knells,
Each Chime thou hear'ſt, a future death foretells.
Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
Till all go loaded to the Neather Skies.
Mal. To morrow then.
Mel. To morrow let it be:
Or thou deceiv'ſt thoſe hungry, gaping Fiends,
And *Beelzebub* will rage.
Mal. Why *Beelzebub?* Haſt thou not often ſaid,
That *Lucifer*'s your King?
Mel. I told thee true:
But *Lucifer*, as he who foremoſt fell,
So now lies loweſt in th' Abyſs of Hell.
Chain'd till the dreadful Doom, in place of whom
Sits *Beelzebub*, Vicegerent of the damn'd,
Who liſtning downward hears his roaring Lord,
And executes his purpoſe, but no more

The morning creeps behind yon Eastern hill,
And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves
And fooliſh Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
And laſh the Laggers from the ſight of day. [*Deſcends.*

Enter Guiſe, Mayenne, *Cardinal, and Archbiſhop.*

May. Sullen, methinks, and ſlow the Morning breaks,
As if the Sun were liſtleſs to appear,
And dark deſigns hung heavy on the day.

Guiſe. Y'are an old Man too ſoon, y'are ſuperſtitious,
I'le truſt my Stars, I know 'em now by proof,
The Genius of the King bends under mine,
Inviron'd with his Guards he durſt not touch me;
But aw'd and craven'd as he had been ſpell'd,
Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guiſe*, and durſt not.

Card. We have him in our power, coopt in his Court,
Who leads the firſt Attack? Now by yond Heaven ——
That bluſhes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll d'off
This womaniſh Attire of godly peace,
And cry, Lie there Lord Cardinal of *Guiſe*.

Guiſe. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* too cool,
But 'tis the manlier fault o'th' two.

Biſhop. Have you not heard the King, preventing day,
Receiv'd the Guards into the City Gates,
The jolly *Swiſſes* marching to their Fifes.
The Crowd ſtood gaping heartleſs, and amaz'd,
Shrunk to their ſhops, and left the paſſage free.

Guiſe. I would it ſhould be ſo, 'twas a good horror,
Firſt let 'em fear for Rapes, and ranſackt Houſes;
That very fright when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their ſoft City Courages:
Cold Burghers muſt be ſtruck, and ſtruck like Flints,
Ere their hid Fire will ſparkle.

Biſhop. I am glad the King has introduc'd theſe Guards.

Card. Your Reaſon.

Biſhop. They are too few for us to fear,
Our numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not caſt in, but the pretence
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this Riſing paſs for juſt defence.

May.

May. Suppoſe the City ſhould not riſe.
Guiſe. Suppoſe as well the Sun ſhould never riſe:
He may not riſe, for Heaven may play a trick;
But he has riſen from *Adam*'s time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to Noble Hazard?
No Venture made, but all dull Certainty;
By Heav'n I'le tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather than have it on tame terms of yielding,
I ſcorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Guiſe.

A Lady, ſay'ſt thou, Young, and Beautiful,
Brought in a Chair?
Conduct her in——. [*Exit Serv.*
Card. You wou'd be left alone——
Guiſe. I wou'd, Retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutier, *and Exit.*

Starting back. Is't poſſible I dare not truſt my Eyes,
You are not *Marmoutier.*
Mar. What am I then?
Guiſe. Why any thing but ſhe:
What ſhould the Miſtreſs of a King do here?
Mar. Find him, who wou'd be Maſter of a King.
Guiſe. I ſent not for you, Madam.
Mar. I think my Lord the King ſent not for you.
Guiſe. Do you not fear your Viſit will be known?
Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels, and Traytors;
Where e're I go, my Virtue is my Guard.
Guiſe. What Devil has ſent thee here to plague my Soul?
O that I could deteſt thee now as much
As ever I have lov'd, nay even as much
As yet in ſpite of all thy Crimes I love:
But 'tis a Love ſo mixt with dark Deſpair,
The Smoke and Soot ſmother the riſing flame,
And make my Soul a Furnace: Woman, Woman,
What can I call thee more, if Devil 'twere leſs,
Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*,
But *Eve* play'd falſe engendring with the Serpent,
Her own part worſe than his.

Mar.

The morning creeps behind yon Eaſtern hill,
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And make my Soul a Furnace: Woman, Woman,
What can I call thee more, if Devil 'twere leſs,
Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*,
But *Eve* play'd falſe engendring with the Serpent,
Her own part worſe than his.

Mar.

Mar. Then they got Traytors.

Guise. Yes, Angel Traytors fit to shine in Palaces,
Fork'd into Ills, and split into Deceits;
Two in their very frame: 'twas well, 'twas well,
I saw not thee at Court, thou Basilisk;
For if I had' those Eyes, without his Guards,
Had done the Tyrant's work.

Mar. Why then, it seems,
I was not false in all; I told you, *Guise*,
If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court:
You see I kept my Promise.

Guise. Still thy Sex,
Once true in all thy Life, and that for Mischief.

Mar. Have I said I lov'd you?

Guise. Stab on, Stab, —
'Tis plain you love the King.

Mar. Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful way you seem to mean.
My Eyes had once so far betray'd my Heart,
As to distinguish you from Common Men,
What e're you said, or did, was Charming all.

Guise. But yet, it seems, you found a King more Charming.

Mar. I do not say more Charming, but more Noble,
More truly Royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in wishes.

Guise. May be so:
But Love has oyl'd your tongue to run so glib,
Curse on your Eloquence.

Mar. Curse not that Eloquence, that sav'd your Life:
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandat, hurried you to Town;
When over-weening pride of Popular Power,
Had thrust you headlong in the Louvre Toyls,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majesty
Had doom'd you to the death you well deserv'd.

Guise. Then was't not *Henry*'s fear preserv'd my Life?

Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know him;
He's born to give you fear, not to receive it.

Guise. Say this again, but add you gave not up

Your

Your Honour as the Ransom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.
Mar. And so it were.
Guise. Why said you, So it were?
For thô 'tis true, methinks 'tis much unkind.
Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of kindness,
If you acknowledge I have sav'd your Life.
Be grateful in return, and do an Act
Your Honour, though unaskt by me, requires.
Guise. By Heav'n and you, whom next to Heaven I love,
(if I said more, I fear I should not lie,)
I'le do what e're my Honour will permit.
Mar. Go throw your self at *Henry*'s Royal Feet,
And rise not, till approv'd a Loyal Subject.
Guise. A Dutious Loyal Subject I was ever.
Mar. I'le put it short, my Lord, depart from *Paris*.
Guise. I cannot leave
My Countrey, Friends, Religion, all at stake;
Be wise, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the turn, forsake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a merit of your Love.
Mar. No, I'le return, and perish in those Ruines;
I find thee now ambitious, faithless *Guise*,
Farewel the basest, and the last of Men.
Guise. Stay, or—O Heav'n! I'le force you: Stay—
Mar. I do believe
So ill of you, so villainously ill,
That if you durst, you wou'd:
Honour you've little, Honesty you've less;
But Conscience you have none.
Yet there's a thing call'd Fame, and Mens Esteem,
Preserves me from your force, once more farewel:
Look on me *Guise*, thou seest me now the last;
Thô Treason urge not Thunder on thy head,
This one departing Glance shall flash thee dead. [*Exit.*
Guise. Ha said she true? Have I so little Honour.
Why then a Prize so easie, and so fair,
Had never scap'd my Gripe; but mine she is,
For that's set down as sure as *Harry*'s Fall:
But my Ambition, that she calls my Crime:

False,

'alſe, falſe by Fate, my Right was born with me,
And Heaven confeſt it in my very frame;
The Fires that would have form'd ten thouſand Angels,
Were cram'd together for my ſingle Soul.

Enter Malicorne.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious hours away,
The Heavens look gaudily upon your greatneſs,
And the crown'd moments court you as they fly;
Briſac and fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Suiſſe*,
And folded 'em like ſheep in holy ground,
Where now with order'd Pikes, and Colours furl'd,
They wait the word that dooms 'em all to dye:
Come forth and bleſs the Triumph of the day.

Guiſe. So ſlight a Victory requir'd not me:
I but ſate ſtill, and Nodded like a God
My World into Creation, now 'tis time
To walk abroad, and careleſly ſurvey
How the dull Matter does the Form obey. [*Exit with* Malicorne.

Enter Citizens, and Melanax *in his Fanatick Habit, at the head of 'em.*

Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow Citizens, and you Gentlemen of the Rabble, a word of Godly Exhortation to ſtrengthen your hands, ere you give the Onſet.

1 *Cit.* Is this a time to make Sermons? I wou'd not hear the Devil now, thô he ſhould come in God's Name, to preach Peace to us.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be deſpis'd, We have all profited by godly Sermons that promote Sedition, Let the precious man Hold-forth.

Omnes. Let him Hold-forth, let him Hold-forth.

Mel. To promote Sedition is my buſineſs: It has been ſo before any of you were born, and will be ſo when you are all dead and damn'd; I have led on the Rabble in all Ages.

1 *Cit.* That's a Lye, and a loud one. He has led the Rabble both Old and Young, that's all Ages: A heavenly ſweet Man, I warrant him, I have ſeen him ſomewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I ſown Rebellion every where.

1 *Cit.* How every where? That's another Lye: How far have you Travel'd Friend?

Mel

Mel. Over all the World.

1 *Cit.* Now that's a Rapper.

2 *Cit.* I ſay, No: For, look you Gentlemen, if he has been a Traveller, he certainly ſays true, for he may lye by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depoſe their Prince,
Has in all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted lawful.

1 *Cit.* That's the firſt true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depoſe him?

Mel. When ever they have more power to Depoſe, than he has to Oppoſe, and this they may do upon the leaſt Occaſion.

1 *Cit.* Sirra, you mince the Matter; you ſhould ſay, we may do it upon no Occaſion, for the leſs the better.

Mel. aſide. Here's a Rogue now will out-ſhoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 *Cit.* Some Occaſion, in my mind, were not amiſs; For, look you Gentlemen, if we have no Occaſion, then whereby we have no Occaſion to depoſe him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I ſtick to thoſe Occaſions: for when they are gone, Good-night to Godlineſs and Freedom.

Mel. When the moſt are of one ſide, as that's our caſe, we are always in the right; for they that are in power, will ever be the Judges: So that if we ſay White is Black, poor White muſt loſe the Cauſe, and put on Mourning, for White is but a ſingle Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly, and lay on reſolutely for your Solemn League and Covenant, and if here be any ſqueamiſh Conſcience who fears to fight againſt the King, tho I that have known you Citizens theſe thouſand years, ſuſpect not any, let ſuch underſtand, That his Majeſties Politick Capacity is to be diſtinguiſh'd from his Natural; and though you murder him in one, you may preſerve him in the other, and ſo much for this time, becauſe the Enemy is at hand.

2 *Cit. looking out.*
Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis *Grillon* the fierce Colonel,
He that devours our Wives, and raviſhes our Children.

1 *Cit.* He looks ſo Grum, I don't care to have to do with him,
Wou'd I were ſafe in my Shop behind the Counter.

2 *Cit.* And wou'd I were under my Wives Petticoats,
Look you, Gentlemen.

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter yesterday, paid a Bill of Exchange in Glass, *Louisdors*, and you Friend, that cry, Look you Gentlemen, this very morning was under another Womans Petticoats, and not your Wives.

2 *Cit.* How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight lustily for the Cause of Heaven, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conscience, I absolve you both, and all the rest of you: Now go on merrily, for those that escape shall avoid killing; and those who do not escape, I will provide for in another world.

[*Cry within on the other side of the Stage*, Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

Enter Grillon, *and his Party.*

Grill. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my word, as 'twas *Julius Cæsar*'s of *Pagan* memory; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a word and a blow; we must either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure necessity for your comfort: Now if any man can be so unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with your Souls, as to stand still like a good Christian, and offer his Weeson to a Butcher's Whittle, I say no more but that he may be sav'd, and that's the best can come on him.

[*Cry on both sides*, Vive le Roy, Vive Guise.

The Fight.

Mel. Hey for the Duke of *Guise* and Property, Up with Religion and the Cause, and down with those Arbitrary Rogues there: Stand to't you Associated Cuckolds. [*Citizens go back.* O Rogues, O Cowards, Damn these Half-strain'd Shop-keepers, Got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how Naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers, Twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em. [*They all run off*, Melanax *with them, the* 1 *and* 2 *Cit. taken.*

Grill. Possess your selves of the place *Maubert*,
And hang me up those two Rogues for an example.

1 *Cit.* O spare me sweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new set up

Grill. I'le be your Customer, and set you up a little better, Sirrah, Go hang him at the next Sign-post:

What

What have you to ſay for your ſelf, Scoundrel?
Why were you a Rebel?

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill meaning to the Government, all that I did, was pure Obedience to my Wife.

Grill. Nay, if thou haſt a Wife that wears the Breeches,
Thou ſhalt be condemn'd to live:
Get thee home for a Hen-peckt Traytor——
What, Are we encompaſs'd? Nay then, Faces this way;
Wee'l ſell our Skins to the faireſt Chapmen.

Enter Aumale *and Soldiers on the one ſide, Citizens on the other,* Grillon *and his Party are diſarm'd.*

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel,
And hang him up at the next Sign-poſt:
Nay, when I am in power, I can make examples too.

Omnes. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal. [*Pull and*

Grill. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traytors, Cuckolds, *hale him.* 'Swounds, What do you make of a Man? Do you think my Legs and Arms are ſtrung upon a Wire, like a Jointed Baby? Carry me off quickly, you were beſt, and hang me decently, according to my firſt Sentence.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burden: Give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby I'le carry it for a Token to my Soveraign Lady.

Grill. 'Tis too little, in all Conſcience, for her,
Take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute* whom I ſav'd,
O the Conſcience of a Shop-keeper!

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your ſaving me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt's paid; but for ſpeaking Treaſon againſt my anointed Wife, that's a new Reck'ning between us.

Enter Guiſe *with a General's Staff in his hand,* Mayenne, *Cardinal, Archbiſhop,* Malicorn, *and Attendants.*

Omnes. Vive Guiſe.

Guiſe boving, and Bare-headed.

I thank you Countrey-men, the hand of Heaven
In all our Safeties has appear'd this day,
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But ſtain your Triumph with no Chriſtian blood,

French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this Godly talk?
Of ſparing Chriſtian Blood, why theſe are Dogs;
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus* Ear,
Meer Dogs that neither can be ſav'd nor damn'd.

Archbiſhop. Where have you learnt to ſpare inveterate Foes?

Guiſe. You know the Book,

Archbiſhop. And can expound it too:
But Chriſtian Faith was in the Nonage then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o're the World,
What madneſs were it for the weak and few,
To fight againſt the many and the ſtrong;
Grillon muſt dye, ſo muſt the Tyrant's Guards,
Leaſt gathering head again, they make more work.

Mal. My Lord, the People muſt be fleſh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Reliſh, dip 'em with you——
Or they'l perhaps repent.

Guiſe. You are Fools to kill 'em were to ſhew I fear'd 'em;
The Court diſarm'd, diſheartned, and beſieg'd,
Are all as much within my power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fiſt.

May. 'Tis rightly judg'd:
And let me add, who heads a Popular Cauſe,
Muſt proſecute that Cauſe by Popular Ways:
So whether you are merciful or no,
You muſt affect to be.

Guiſe. Diſmiſs thoſe Priſoners, *Grillon*, you are free,
I do not ask your Love, be ſtill my Foe.

Grill. I will be ſo: But let me tell you, *Guiſe*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too;
I'le give you back your life when next we meet,
Till then I am your Debtor.

Guiſe. That's till Dooms-day. [Grillon *and his Exeunt one way,*
Haſte Brother, draw out Fifteen thouſand Men, *Rabble the other.*
Surround the *Louvre*, leaſt the Prey ſhould ſcape,
I know the King will ſend to treat,
We'll ſet the Dice on him in high demands,
No leſs than all his Offices of Truſt,
He ſhall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clipt,
So long he ſhall not paſs.

Card.

Card. What do we talk
Of paring, clipping, and ſuch tedious work,
Like thoſe that hang their Noſes o're a Potion and Qualm, and keck, and take it down by Sipps.

Archbiſhop. Beſt make advantage of this Popular Rage,
Let in th' orewhelming Tyde on *Harry*'s head,
In that promiſcuous Fury who ſhall know
Among a thouſand Swords who kill'd the King.

Mal. O my dear Lord, upon this onely day
Depends the ſeries of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has aſſum'd my ſhape
In this Prophetick doom.

Guiſe. Peace croaking Raven,
I'le ſeize him firſt, then make him a led Monarch;
I'le be declar'd Lieutenant General
Amidſt the Three Eſtates that repreſent
The glorious, full, majeſtick Face of *France*,
Which in his own deſpight the King ſhall call:
So let him reign my Tenant during life,
His Brother of *Navar* ſhut out for ever,
Branded with Hereſie, and barr'd from Sway,
That when *Valois* conſum'd in Aſhes lies,
The *Phœnix* Race of *Charlemain* may riſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The* LOUVRE.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, Grillon.

King. Diſmiſt with ſuch Contempt?

Grill. Yes, Faith, we paſt like beaten *Romans* underneath the Fork.

King. Give me my Arms.

Grill. For what?

King. I'le lead you on.

Grill. You are a true Lyon, but my Men are Sheep;
If you run firſt, I'le ſwear they'l follow you.

King. What, all turn'd Cowards? Not a Man in *France*
Dares ſet his Foot by mine, and periſh by me.

Grill. Troth I can't find 'em much inclin'd to periſhing.

King.

King. What can be left in danger, but to dare?
No matter for my Arms, I'le go Bare-fac'd,
And seize the first bold Rebel that I meet.

Abbot. There's something of Divinity in Kings
That sits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.

Grill. True, Abbot, but the mischief is, you Churchmen
Can see that something further than the Crowd;
These Musket Bullets have not read much Logick,
Nor are they given to make your nice distinctions:
[*One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, she reads* ——
One of 'em possibly may hit the King
In some one part of him that's not Divine,
And so the mortal part of his Majesty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another world, sweet Abbot.

Q. Mother. 'Tis equal madness to go out or stay,
The Reverence due to Kings is all transfer'd
To haughty *Guise*, and when new Gods are made,
The old must quit the Temple, you must fly.

King. Death, Had I wings, yet I would scorn to fly.

Grill. Wings, or no wings, is not the Question:
If you won't fly for't, you must ride for't,
And that comes much to one.

King. Forsake my Regal Town.

Q. Mother. Forsake a Bedlam:
This Note informs me, Fifteen thousand Men
Are marching to incloſe the Louvre round.

Abbot. The business then admits no more dispute,
You, Madam, must be pleas'd to find the *Guise*,
Seem easie, fearful, yielding, what you will,
But still prolong the Treaty all you can,
Togain the King more time for his Escape.

Q. Mother. I'le undertake it —— Nay, no thanks my Son,
My blessing shall be given in your deliverance;
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravel'd,
And *Guise* is to begin his work again. [*Exit Q. Mother.*

King. I go this minute.

Enter Marmoutier.

Nay then, another minute must be given.
O how I blush, that thou shouldst see thy King

Do

Do this low Act that leſſens all his Fame:
Death muſt a Rebel force me from my Love!
If it muſt be ——

Mar. It muſt not, cannot be.

Grill. No, nor ſhall not Wench, as long as my Soul wears a Body.

King. Secure in that, I'le truſt thee; Shall I truſt thee?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty:
Farewel, Thou may'ſt behold me King agen,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then farewel,
I'le ſay't as comfortably as I can:
But O curs'd *Guiſe*, for preſſing on my time,
And cutting off Ten thouſand more Adieus.

Mar. The moments that retard your Flight are Traytors,
Make haſte my Royal Maſter to be ſafe,
And ſave me with you, for I'le ſhare your Fate.

King. Wilt thou go too?
Then I am reconcil'd to Heaven again:
O welcome thou good Angel of my way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my ſafe Return;
Not *Greece*, nor hoſtile *Juno* cou'd deſtroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning *Troy*,
He ſcap'd the dangers of the dreadful Night,
When loaded with his Gods he took his Flight.

[*Exeunt King, leading her.*

ACT. V.

SCENE, *The Caſtle of* Bloiſe.

Enter Grillon, Alphonſo Corſo.

Grill. WElcome Colonel, welcome to *Bloiſe*.

Alph. Since laſt we parted at the Barricadoes,
The World's turn'd upſide down.

Grill. No, Faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downſide up,
Our part o'th' wheel is riſing, tho but ſlowly.

Alph.

King. What can be left in danger, but to dare?
No matter for my Arms, I'le go Bare-fac'd,
And ſeize the firſt bold Rebel that I meet.
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In ſome one part of him that's not Divine,
And ſo the mortal part of his Majeſty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another world, ſweet Abbot.
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The old muſt quit the Temple, you muſt fly.
King. Death, Had I wings, yet I would ſcorn to fly.
Grill. Wings, or no wings, is not the Queſtion:
If you won't fly for't, you muſt ride for't,
And that comes much to one.
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You, Madam, muſt be pleas'd to find the *Guiſe*,
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Grill. No, Faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downſide up,
Our part o'th' wheel is riſing, tho but ſlowly.

Alph.

Alph. Who lookt for an Aſſembly of the States?

Grill. When the King was eſcap'd from *Paris*, and got out of the Toyles, 'twas time for the *Guiſe* to take 'em down, and pitch others: That is, to treat for the Calling of a Parliament, where being ſure of the major part, he might get by Law, what he had miſs'd by Force.

Alph. But why ſhould the King aſſemble the States, to ſatisfie the *Guiſe* after ſo many Affronts?

Grill. For the ſame reaſon that a Man in a Duel ſays, he has received ſatisfaction when he is firſt wounded, and afterwards diſarm'd.

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Paris*?

Grill. Becauſe no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*: This *Blois* is a very little Town, and the King can draw it after him. But *Paris* is a damn'd, unweildy Bulk, and when the Preachers draw againſt the King, a Parſon in a Pulpit is a deviliſh Fore-horſe. Beſides, I found in that Inſurrection, what dangerous Beaſts theſe Townſmen are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man had better deal with ten of their Wives, than with one zealous Citizen:
O your inſpir'd Cuckold is moſt implacable.

Alph. Is there any ſeeming kindneſs between the King, and the Duke of *Guiſe*?

Grill. Yes, moſt wonderful: They are as dear to one another, as an old Uſurer, and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very Loyal to the *Guiſe*, and the *Guiſe* is very gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guiſe*, and the Archbiſhop of *Lyons*, are the two Pendants, that are always hanging at the Royal Ear; They eaſe His Majeſty of all the Spiritual buſineſs, and the *Guiſe* of all the Temporal, ſo that the King is certainly the happieſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*, without any care upon him: ſo yielding up every thing to his Loyal Subjects that he's infallibly in the way of being the greateſt, and moſt glorious King in all the world.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a ſharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the opening of the Parliament, admoniſh'd Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was paſt, but ſeem'd to threaten Vengeance, if they perſiſted for the future.

Grill. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: He promiſing to unite himſelf to them, and they to obey him according to the Laws; yet the very next morning they went on,

in

in purſuance of their old Commonwealth deſigns, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now am I dull enough to think they have broken their Oath.

Grill. I but you are but one private Man, and they are the three States; And if they Vote that they have not broken their Oaths, Who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's One above.

Grill. I hope you mean in Heaven, or elſe you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament-time; but here comes the Maſter and my Neece.

Alph. Heaven preſerve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treaſon.

Grill. O Yes, You may pray for him, the Preachers of the *Guiſes* ſide, do that moſt formally: Nay, You may be ſuffer'd Civilly to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a place of Profit under him: For, in ſhort, 'tis a judg'd Caſe of Conſcience, to make your beſt of the King, and to ſide againſt him.

Enter King and Marmoutier.

King. Grillon, Be near me,
There's ſomething for my ſervice to be done,
Your Orders will be ſudden, now withdraw.

Grill. aſide.] VVell, I dare truſt my Neece, even tho' ſhe comes of my own Family; but if ſhe Cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honeſty, there's a whole Sex fall'n under a General Rule without one Exception. [*Exeunt* Grill. *and* Alph.

Mar. You bid my Uncle wait you.

King. Yes.

Mar. This hour.

King. I think it was.

Mar. Something of moment hangs upon this hour.

King. Not more on this, than on the next and next,
My time is all ta'ne up on Uſury;
I never am before hand with my hours,
But every one has work before it comes.

Mar. There's ſomething for my ſervice to be done,
Thoſe were your words.

King. And you deſire their meaning.

Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may gheſs.

King. 'Tis searching there where Heaven can only pry,
Not Man, who knows not Man but by surmise;
Nor Devils, nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought,
I tell thee, *Marmoutier*, I never speak
Not when alone, for fear some Fiend should hear,
And blab my Secrets out.

Mar. You hate the *Guise*.

King. True, I did hate him.

Mar. And you hate him still.

King. I am reconcil'd.

Mar. Your Spirit is too high,
Great Souls forgive not injuries, till time
Has put their Enemies into their power,
That they may shew Forgiveness is their own;
For else 'tis fear to punish that forgives:
The Coward, not the King.

King. He has submitted.

Mar. In show, for in effect he still insults.

King. Well, Kings must bear sometimes.

Mar. They must, till they can shake their burden off,
And that's, I think, your aim.

King. Mistaken still:
All Favours, all Preferments, pass through them,
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they please.

Mar. These are your Arts to make 'em more secure,
Just so your Brother us'd the Admiral, *Colig.*
Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.

King. What said you, ha! what mean you *Marmoutier?*

Mar. Nay, what mean you? That Start betray'd you, Sir.

King. This is no Vigil of St. *Bartholmew*,
Nor is *Blois Paris*.

Mar. 'Tis an open Town.

King. What then!

Mar. Where you are strongest.

King. Well, what then?

Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are provok'd.

King. O! Thou hast set thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will sting thee dead.

Mar. Can I unknow it?

King.

King. No, but keep it ſecret.
Mar. Think, Sir, your Thoughts are ſtill as much your own,
As when you kept the Key of your own Breaſt:
But ſince you let me in, I find it fill'd
With Death and Horror; you would murder *Guiſe.*
King. Murder! what Murder! uſe a ſofter word,
And call it Soveraign Juſtice.
Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:
But Juſtice bears the Godlike ſhape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, and equal Plea
Betwixt th' Offender, and the righteous Judge.
King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Laws,
But when his Greatneſs overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Juſtice in the laſt Appeal:
And forc'd by ſtrong Neceſſity may ſtrike,
In which indeed th'y aſſert the Publick Good,
And, like ſworn Surgeons, lop the gangren'd Limb:
Unpleaſant wholſom work.
Mar. If this be needful.
King. Ha, didſt not thou thy ſelf in fathoming
The depth of my deſigns, drop there the Plummet?
Didſt thou not ſay Affronts, ſo Great, ſo Publick,
I never could forgive?
Mar. I did but yet—
King. What means, But yet? 'Tis Evidence ſo full,
If the laſt Trumpet ſounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I ſhould meet the Saints half way:
And in the Face of Heaven maintain the Fact.
Mar. Maintain it then to Heaven, but not to me:
Do you love me?
King. Can you doubt it?
Mar. Yes, I can doubt it, if you can deny:
Love begs once more this great Offender's life,
Can you forgive the man you juſtly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to ſpare him?
One whom you may ſuſpect I more than pity,
(For I would have you ſee that what I ask,
I know is wond'rous difficult to grant)
Can you be thus extravagantly Good?
King. What then? For I begin to fear my firmneſs:

And doubt the ſoft deſtruction of your tongue.

Mar. Then in Return, I ſwear to Heaven, and you,
To give you all the Preference of my Soul:
No Rebel Rival to diſturb you there,
Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[*King walks awhile, then wipes his eyes, and ſpeaks.*

King. You've Conquer'd, all that's paſt ſhall be forgiv'n,
My laviſh Love has made a laviſh Grant:
But know this Act of Grace ſhall be my laſt.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him deſiſt, and tempt Revenge no further:
For by yond Heaven that's Conſcious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.

Deputies appearing at the Door.

The Deputies are entring, You muſt leave me:
Thus Tyrant Buſineſs all my hours uſurps,
And makes me live for others.

Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a proſperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. [*Exit.*

Enter Deputies of the Three States,
Cardinal of Guiſe, *and Archbiſhop of* Lyons,
at the Head of 'em.

King. Well, my good Lords, what matters of importance
Employ'd the States this Morning?

Archb. One high Point
Was warmly canvaſs'd in the Commons Houſe,
And will be ſoon Reſolv'd.

King. What was't?

Card. Succeſſion.

King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
So warmly canvaſs'd, or ſo ſoon Reſolv'd.

Card. Things neceſſary muſt ſometimes be ſudden.

King. No ſudden danger threatens you, my Lord.

Archb. What may be ſudden, muſt be counted ſo;
We hope, and wiſh Your Life: But Yours, and Ours,
Are in the hand of Heaven.

King. My Lord, They are:
Yet in a Natural way I may live long,

If

If Heaven and You my Loyal Subjects pleaſe.
Archb. But ſince good Princes, like Your Majeſty,
Take care of dangers meerly poſſible,
Which may concern their Subjects whoſe they are,
And for whom Kings are made.
King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And ſo the Tyes are too.
Card. To cut things ſhort,
The Commons will decree to exclude *Navar*
From the Succeſſion of the Realm of *France*.
King. Decree, my Lord! What one Eſtate decree,
Where then are the other two, and what am I?
The Government is caſt up ſomewhat ſhort,
The Clergy and Nobility caſheer'd,
Five hundred popular Figures on a Row,
And I my Self that am, or ſhould be King,
An o'regrown Cypher ſet before the Sum:
What Reaſons urge our Soveraigns for th' Excluſion?
Archb. He ſtands ſuſpected, Sir, of Hereſie.
King. Has he been call'd to make his juſt defence?
Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.
King. To whom?
Card. The Commons.
King. What is't thoſe Gods the Commons do not know?
But Hereſie you Church-men teach us Vulgar,
Suppoſes obſtinate and ſtiff perſiſting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected, has this Courſe been us'd?
Archb. We grant it has not, but ——
King. Nay, give me leave,
I urge from your own Grant, it has not been:
If then in proceſs of a petty Sum,
Both Parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be giv'n:
Much leſs in the Succeſſion of a Crown,
Which after my deceaſe, by Right Inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of *Navar*.
Card. The Right of Souls is ſtill to be preferr'd,
Religion muſt not ſuffer for a Claim.

King.

King. If Kings may be excluded, or depos'd,
When e're you cry Religion to the Crowd,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion Orthodox,
And Subjects muſt be Traytors to be ſav'd.

Archb. Then Hereſy's entail'd upon the Throne.

King. You would entail Confuſion, Wars and Slaughters:
Thoſe ills are Certain, what you name Contingent.
I know my Brother's nature, 'tis ſincere,
Above deceit, no crookedneſs of thought,
Says, what he means, and what he ſays, performs:
Brave, but not raſh; ſucceſsful, but not proud,
So much acknowledging that he's uneaſie,
Till every petty ſervice be o're paid.

Archb. Some ſay revengeful.

King. Some then libel him:
But that's what both of us have learn't to bear.
He can forgive, but you diſdain Forgiveneſs:
Your Chiefs are they no Libel muſt profane:
Honour's a Sacred Thing in all but Kings;
But when your Rhimes aſſaſſinate our Fame,
You hug your nauſeous, blund'ring Ballad-wits,
And pay 'em as if Nonſence were a merit,
If it can mean but Treaſon.

Archb. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge——

King. And I have more to anſwer, let 'em know
My Royal Brother of *Navar* ſhall ſtand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good men will never fail his Cauſe,
And all the bad ſhall be conſtrain'd by Laws.

Archb. Since gentle means t' exclude *Navar* are vain,
To morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd,
To make the Duke of *Guiſe* Lieutenant General,
Which Power moſt graciouſly confirm'd by you,
Will ſtop this headlong Torrent of Succeſſion,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it,
In hope you'll not oppoſe what muſt be done,
We wiſh you, Sir, a long and proſp'rous Reign.

[*Exeunt Omnes, but the King.*

King. To morrow *Guiſe* is made Lieutenant-General,
Why then to morrow I no more am King;

'Tis

'Tis time to push my slack'nd vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all;
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heaven is wearied with repeated Crimes,
Till lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Enter Grillon *to him.*

Grill. 'Tis just the pointed hour you bid me wait.
King. So just, as if thou wert inspir'd to come;
As if the Guardian Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'reslept himself so many Years,
Just now was rouz'd, and brought thee to my rescue.
Grill. I hear the *Guise* will be Lieutenant-General.
King. And canst thou suffer it?
Grill. Nay, if you will suffer it, then well may I. If Kings will be so civil to their Subjects, to give up all things tamely, they first turn Rebels to themselves, and that's a fair example for their Friends; 'Slife, Sir, 'tis a dangerous matter to be Loyal on the wrong side, to serve my Prince in spight of him; if you'l be a Royalist your self, there are Millions of honest Men will fight for you; but if you wo'n not, there are few will hang for you.
King. No more: I am resolv'd,
The course of things can be with-held no longer
From breaking forth to their appointed end:
My vengeance, ripen'd in the womb of time,
Presses for birth, and longs to be disclos'd.
Grillon, the *Guise* is doom'd —— to sudden death:
The Sword must end him; Has not thine an Edge?
Grill. Yes, and a Point too; I'le challenge him:
King. ——I bid thee kill him. [*Walking.*
Grill. —— So I mean to do.
King. —— Without thy hazard.
Grill. Now I understand you, I shou'd murder him: I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.
King. —— Dost thou not hate him?
Grill. —— Yes.
King. Hast thou not said,
That he deserves it?

Grill.

Grill. Yes, but how have I
Deſerv'd to do a Murder?
King. 'Tis no Murder:
'Tis Soveraign Juſtice urg'd from Self Defence.
Grill. 'Tis all confeſt, and yet I dare not do't.
King. Go, Thou art a Coward.
Grill. You are my King.
King. Thou ſay'ſt thou dar'ſt not kill him.
Grill. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durſt ha' don't.
King. Thou haſt done worſe in thy long courſe of Arms,
Haſt thou ne're kill'd a Man?
Grill. Yes, when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.
King. Haſt thou not plunder'd from the helpleſs Poor?
Snatch'd from the ſweating Labourer his Food?
Grill. Sir, I have eaten and drunk in my own defence,
When I was hungry and thirſty.
I have plunder'd,
When you have not paid me—
I have been content with a Farmer's Daughter,
When a better Whore was not to be had.
As for Cutting off a Traytor, I'le execute him lawfully
In my own Function, when I meet him in the Field;
But for your Chamber-practice, that's not my Talent.
King. Is my Revenge Unjuſt, or Tyrannous?
Heaven knows, I love not Blood.
Grill. No, for your Mercy is your onely Vice.
You may diſpatch a Rebel lawfully,
But the miſchief is, that Rebel
Has given me my Life at the Barricadoes,
And till I have return'd his Bribe,
I am not upon even terms with him.
King. Give me thy hand, I love thee not the worſe;
Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conſcience,
Thou ſhalt not do this Act, thou'rt ee'n too good;
But keep my Secret, for that's Conſcience too.
Grill. When I diſcloſe it, think I am a Coward.
King. No more of that, I know thou art not one:
Call *Lognac* hither ſtraight, and St. *Malin*;
Bid *Larchant* find ſome unſuſpected means

To

To keep Guards doubled at the Council-door,
That none paſs in or out, but thoſe I call:
The reſt I'le think on further, ſo farewel.
Grill. Heaven bleſs your Majeſty!
Tho I'le not kill him for you, I'de defend you when he's kill'd,
For the honeſt part of the Jobb let me alone. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Men and Women at a Banquet, Malicorne *ſtanding by.*

Mal. This is the Solemn Annual Feaſt I keep,
As this day Twelve Year on this very hour
I ſign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleaſure,
Three things which mortal Men do covet moſt.
And, Faith, I over-ſold it to the Fiend:
What, One and twenty Years, Nine yet to come,
How can a Soul be worth ſo much to Devils?
O how I hug my ſelf, to out-wit theſe Fools of Hell!
And yet a ſudden damp, I know not why,
Has ſeiz'd my ſpirits, and like a heavy weight
Hangs on their active ſprings, I want a Song
To rouze me, my blood freezes: Muſick there?

After a Song and Dance, loud knocking at the door. Enter Servant.

What Noiſe is that?
Serv. An ill-look'd ſurly Man,
With a hoarſe voice, ſays he muſt ſpeak with you.
Mal. Tell him I dedicate this day to pleaſure,
I neither have, nor will have Buſineſs with him. [*Exit Serv.*
What louder yet, what ſawcy Slave is this? [*Knock louder.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. He ſays you have, and muſt have Buſineſs with him,
Come out, or hee'l come in, and ſpoil your Mirth.
Mal. I wo'n not.

Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him ſo, [*Knock again more fiercely.*
My hair ſtands up in briſtles when I ſee him:
The Dogs run into Corners; the Spade Bitch
Bayes at his back, and howls.
Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thy ſelf. [*Exit Serv.*

Scene cloſes upon the Company.

Enter Melanax, *an Hour-glaſs in his hand almoſt empty.*

How dar'ſt thou interrupt my ſofter hours?
By Heaven I'le ramm thee in ſome knotted Oak,
Where thou ſhalt ſigh and groan to whiſtling winds,
Upon the lonely Plain:
Or I'le confine thee deep in the Red Sea grov'ling on the Sands,
Ten thouſand Billows rowling o're thy head.
Mel. Hoh, hoh, hoh.
Mal. Laugh'ſt, thou malicious Fiend?
I'le ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,
Like Parchment on a flame.
Mel. Thou canſt not do't,
Behold this Hour-glaſs.
Mal. Well, and what of that?
Mel. See'ſt thou theſe ebbing Sands?
They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs the Bellows of thy mortal breath,
Shall ſink for ever down, and heave no more.
Mal. What, reſty Fiend?
Nine Years thou haſt to ſerve.
Mel. Not full Nine Minutes.
Mal. Thou ly'ſt, look on thy Bond, and view the date.
Mel. Then wilt thou ſtand to that without Appeal?
Mal. I will ſo, help me Heav'n.
Mel. So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the Bond.*
There, Fool, behold, who lyes, the Devil or thou?
Mal. Ha! One and twenty Years are ſhrunk to twelve,
Do my Eyes dazle?
Mel. No, they ſee too true:
They dazl'd once, I caſt a Miſt before 'em,

So

So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull ſight
Appear'd full Twenty one.
Mal. There's Equity in Heaven for this, a Cheat.
Mel. Fool, thou haſt quitted thy Appeal to Heaven,
To ſtand to this.
Mal. Then I am loſt for ever.
Mel. Thou art.
Mal. O why was I not warn'd before?
Mel. Yes, to repent then thou hadſt cheated me.
Mal. Add but a day, but half a day, an hour:
For ſixty Minutes I'le forgive nine Years.
Mel. No not a Moments thought beyond my time:
Diſpatch, 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor ſingle Fare.
Mal. So pitileſs?
But yet I may command thee, and I will:
I love the *Guiſe* even with my lateſt breath
Beyond my Soul, and my loſt hopes of Heav'n;
I charge thee by my ſhort-liv'd power, diſcloſe
What Fate attends my Maſter.
Mel. If he goes
To Council when he next is call'd, he dyes.
Mal. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my laſt adieu,
Say I ſhall never ſee his Eyes agen:
But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,
Bid him believe my lateſt breath, he dyes. [*Exit Serv.*
The Sands run yet, O do not ſhake the Glaſs: [*Devil ſhakes*
I ſhall be thine too ſoon, cou'd *I* repent, *the Glaſs.*
Heaven's not confin'd to Moments, Mercy, Mercy.
Mel. *I* ſee thy Prayers diſperſt into the winds,
And Heaven has puſt 'em by:
I was an Angel once of foremoſt Rank,
Stood next the ſhining Throne, and wink'd but half,
So almoſt gaz'd *I* glory in the Face
That *I* could bear it, and ſtar'd farther in,
'Twas but a Moments pride, and yet *I* fell,

For ever fell, but Man, baſe Earth-born Man,
Sins paſt a Sum, and might be pardon'd more,
And yet 'tis juſt; for we were perfect Light,
And ſaw our Crimes, Man in his Body's mire,
Half ſoul, Half clod, ſinks blindfold into ſin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Luſts within.

Mal. Then I have hope.

Mel. Not ſo, I preach'd on purpoſe
To make thee loſe this Moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sand creeps low, Deſpair, Deſpair, Deſpair.

Mal. Where am I now? Upon the brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to puſh me on,
And Heaven behind me cloſing all its doors.
A thouſand Years for ev'ry Hour I've paſt,
O cou'd I ſcape ſo cheap! But Ever, Ever,
Still to begin an endleſs round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and laſt for Hell?
Yet can Pains laſt, when Bodies cannot laſt?
Can earthy Subſtance endleſs Flames endure?
Or when one Body wears, and flits away,
Do Souls thruſt forth another Cruſt of Clay?
To fence and guard their tender forms from fire——
I feel my heart-ſtrings rend, I'm here, I'm gone:
Thus Men too careleſs of their future State,
Diſpute, know nothing, and believe too late.

[*A flaſh of Lightning, they ſink together.*

Duke of Guiſe, *Cardinal*, Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Meſſage from a dying Man,
A Propheſie indeed!
For Souls juſt quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make ſwift Acquaintance, with their Kindred forms,
And Partners of Immortal Secrets grow.

Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the ſecurer ſide:
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is ſuch,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Archbiſhop.

Guiſe. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,

I have

I have provok'd my Soveraign paſt a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me:
Then if he dares but to be juſt, I dye,
'Tis too much odds againſt me, I'le depart,
And finiſh Greatneſs at ſome lafer time.

Archb. By Heaven 'tis *Harry's* Plot to fright you hence,
That, Coward-like, you might forſake your Friends.

Guiſe. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorne.*

Archb. Yes, ſome Court-Devil, no doubt:
If you depart, conſider, good my Lord,
You are the Maſter-ſpring that move our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
Without your Preſence, which buoys up our hearts,
The League will ſink beneath a Royal Name:
Th' inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings,
Will ſoon be ſhaken off; Things done, repeal'd;
And Things undone, paſt future Means to do.

Card. I know not, I begin to taſte his Reaſons.

Archb. Nay, were the danger certain of your ſtay,
An Act ſo mean would loſe you all your Friends,
And leave you ſingle to the Tyrant's Rage:
Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.

Guiſe. Since more I am confirm'd, I'le ſtand the ſhock:
Where e're he dares to call, I dare to go.
My Friends are many, faithful and united,
He will not venture on ſo raſh a deed:
And now I wonder I ſhould fear that Force,
Which I have us'd to Conquer and Contemn.

Enter Marmoutier.

Archb. Your Tempter comes, perhaps, to turn the Scale,
And warn you not to go.

Guiſe. O fear her not,
I will be there. [*Exeunt Archbiſhop and Cardinal.*
What can ſhe mean, Repent?
Or is it caſt betwixt the King and her
To ſound me; Come what will, it warms my heart
With ſecret joy, which theſe my ominous Stateſmen
Left dead within me, ha! ſhe turns away.

Mar. Do you not wonder at this Viſit, Sir? *Guiſe.*

Guiſe. No, Madam, *I* at laſt have gain'd the Point
Of mightieſt Minds to wonder now at nothing.
Mar. —— Believe me, *Guiſe*, 'twere gallantly reſolv'd,
If you cou'd carry't on the inſide too,
Why came that Sigh uncall'd? For Love of me
Partly perhaps, but more for thirſt of Glory,
Which now agen dilates it ſelf in Smiles,
As if you ſcorn'd that *I* ſhould know your purpoſe.
Guiſe. *I* change 'tis true, becauſe *I* love you ſtill,
Love you, O Heav'n, ev'n in my own deſpight,
I tell you all even at that very Moment,
I know you ſtraight betray me to the King.
Mar. O *Guiſe*, *I* never did, but, Sir, *I* come
To tell you, *I* muſt never ſee you more.
Guiſe. The King's at *Blois*, and you have reaſon for't,
Therefore what am *I* to expect from pity?
From yours, *I* mean, when you behold me ſlain.
Mar. Firſt anſwer me, and then I'le ſpeak my heart,
Have you, O *Guiſe*, ſince your laſt Solemn Oaths,
Stood firm to what you ſwore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o're awhile, becauſe agen
I tell you *I* muſt never ſee you more.
Guiſe. Never! She's ſet on by the King to ſift me,
Why by that Never then, all *I* have ſworn
Is true, as that the King deſigns to end me.
Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints you live.
Guiſe. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by heads grown white in Council,
This very day he means to cut me off.
Mar. —— By Heaven then you'r forſworn, you've broke your Vows.
Guiſe. —— By you the Juſtice of the Earth *I* have not.
Mar. —— By you Diſſembler of the world you have,
I know the King.
Guiſe. —— *I* do believe you, Madam.
Mar. —— *I* have try'd you both.
Guiſe. —— Not me, the King you mean.
Mar. —— Do theſe o'reboyling Anſwers ſuit the *Guiſe*,
But go to Council, Sir, there ſhew your truth,
If you are innocent you're ſafe, but O
If I ſhou'd chance to ſee you ſtretcht along,
Your Love, O *Guiſe*, and your Ambition gone, That

That venerable Aſpect pale with death,
I muſt conclude you merited your end.
Guiſe. —— You muſt, you will, and ſmile upon my Murder.
Mar. Therefore if you are conſcious of a Breach,
Confeſs it to me: Lead me to the King,
He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,
And place you next him; therefore if you're right,
Make me not fear it by Aſſeverations:
But ſpeak your heart, and O reſolve me truly.
Guiſe. —— Madam, *I* ha' thought, and truſt you with my Soul;
You ſaw but now my parting with my Brother,
The Prelate too of *Lyons*, 'twas debated
Warmly againſt me that *I* ſhould go on.
Mar. —— Did *I* not tell you, Sir?
Guiſe. —— True, but in ſpight
Of thoſe *I*mperial Arguments they urg'd,
I was not to be work'd from ſecond thought,
There we broke off; And, mark me, if *I* live,
You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.
Mar. Go then, O Heaven! VVhy muſt *I* ſtill ſuſpect you?
VVhy heaves my Heart? And why o'reflow my Eyes?
Yet if you live, O *Guiſe*, there, there's the Cauſe,
I never ſhall converſe, nor ſee you more.
Guiſe. O ſay not ſo, for Once again I'le ſee you,
VVere you this very Night to lodge with Angels,
Yet ſay not Never; for *I* hope by Virtue
To merit Heaven, and wed you late in Glory.
Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluſe for ever.
Guiſe. Ha! Stay till Morning Tapers are too dim;
Stay till the Sun riſes to ſalute you;
Stay till *I* lead you to that diſmal Den
Of Virgins, buried quick, and ſtay for Ever.
Mar. Alas! Your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it:
Nor was there any other way to clear
Th' imputed ſtains of my ſuſpected Honour.
Guiſe. Hear me a word, one Sigh, one Tear, at parting,
And one laſt Look; for, O my earthly Saint,
I ſee your Face pale, as the Cherubins
At *Adam*'s Fall.
Mar. O Heaven I now confeſs,

My

My heart bleeds for thee *Guiſe*.
Guiſe. Why Madam, why?
Mar. Becauſe by this Diſorder,
And that ſad Fate that bodes upon your Brow,
I do believe you love me more than Glory.
Guiſe. Without an Oath I do, therefore have Mercy,
And think not Death cou'd make me tremble thus:
Be pitiful to thoſe Infirmities
Which thus Unman me, ſtay till the Council's o're;
If you are pleas'd to grant an hour or two
To my laſt Pray'r, I'le thank you as my Saint;
If you refuſe me, Madam, I'le not murmur.
Mar. Alas, my *Guiſe!* O Heav'n, what did I ſay?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pard'n it, ſince it is my laſt.
Guiſe. O let me crawl, Vile as I am, and kiſs [*She gives him her Hand.*
Your Sacred Robe. Is't poſſible, Your Hand!
O that it were my laſt expiring Moment,
For I ſhall never taſte the like again.
Mar. Farewell my Proſelyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.
Guiſe. I have none but you,
Muſt I ne're ſee you more?
Mar. I have ſworn you muſt not:
~~Which~~ what Thought thus roots me here, melts my Reſolves, [*Weeps.*
And makes me loyter when the Angels call me.
Guiſe. O ye Celeſtial Dewes! O Paradiſe!
O Heav'n! O Joys! Ne're to be taſted more.
Mar. Nay take a little more, cold *Marmoutier*,
The temperate, devoted *Marmoutier*
Is gone, a laſt Embrace I muſt bequeath you.
Guiſe. And O let me return it with another.
Mar. Farewell for ever; Ah, *Guiſe*, tho now we part
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls ſhall meet —— Farewell —— and Io's ſing above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier ſpirits prove,
But all are bleſt, and all enjoy an everlaſting Love. [*Exit* Mar.

Guiſe ſolus.

Guiſe. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,

Where

Where are you fled? there's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Mettal, and my Spirits gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's Bed-rid with an Ague,
I wish my flesh were off: What now! Thou bleed'st
Three, and no more! What then? And why what then?
But just three drops! And why not just three drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty?

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, your Brother and the Archbishop wait you.

Guise. I come, down Devil, ha! Must I stumble too?
Away ye Dreams, What if it thunder'd Now?
Or if a Raven cross'd me in my way:
Or now it comes, because last Night I dreamt
The Council-Hall was hung with Crimson round,
And all the Cieling plaister'd o're with black.
No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rowling Lakes,
Fathomless Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,
Fantoms be gone, if I must dye, I'le fall
True Polititian, and defie you all.

SCENE II.

The Court before the Council-Hall.

Grillon, Larchant, *Soldiers plac'd*, *People crowding.*

Grill. Are your Guards doubl'd, Captain?

Larch. Sir, They are.

Grill. When the *Guise* comes, remember your Petition,
Make way there for his Eminence; Give back,
Your Eminence comes late.

Enter two Cardinals, *Counsellors*, *the Cardinal of* Guise, *Archbishop of* Lyons, *last the* Guise.

Guise. Well, Colonel, Are we Friends?

Grill. Faith, I think not.

Guise. Give me your Hand.

Grill. No, for that gives a Heart.

Guise. Yet we shall clasp in Heaven.

Grill. By Heaven we shall not,
Unless it be with Gripes.
Guise. True *Grillon* still.
Larch. My Lord.
Guise. Ha Captain, you are well attended,
If *I* mistake not, Sir, your Number's doubl'd.
Larch. All these have serv'd against the Hereticks,
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their VVounds, and lost Arrears.
Guise. *It* shall be done.
Agen my heart, there is a weight upon thee,
But *I* will sigh it off, Captain Farewell.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Guise, *&c.*
Grill. Shut the Hall-door, and bar the Castle-Gates:
March, March there Closer yet, Captain to the door. [*Ex.*

SCENE III. *Council-Hall.*

Guise. I do not like my self to day.
Archb. —— A Qualm, he dares not.
Card. —That's one Man's thought, he dares, and that's anothers.

Enter Grillon.

Guise. O *Marmoutier*, Ha never see thee more,
Peace my tumultuous heart, why jolt my spirits
In this unequal Circling of my Blood,
*I'*le stand it while *I* may, O Mighty Nature!
VVhy this Alarm, why dost thou call me on
To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their use. [*Swoons.*
Card. Ha! He's fall'n, chafe him: He comes agen.
Guise. *I* beg your Pardons, Vapours no more.
Grill. Th' Effect
Of last Nights Lechery with some working VVhore.

Enter Revol.

Revol. My Lord of *Guise*, the King would speak with you.
Guise. O Cardinal, O *Lyons*, but no more,
Yes, one word more, thou hast a Privilege [*To the Cardinal.*
To speak with a Recluse, O therefore tell her,
If never thou behold'st me breathe again, Tell

Tell her I ſigh'd it laſt —— O *Marmoutier*. [*Exit bowing.*

Card. You will have all things your own way, my Lord,
By Hea v'n, I have ſtrange horror on my Soul.

Archb. I ſay agen, that *Henry* dares not do't.

Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him,
I know he ſcorns to ſtoop to mean Revenge;
But when ſome mightier Miſchief ſhocks his Toure,
He ſhoots at once with thunder on his wings, —
And makes it Air, but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.

Guiſe within.] Murderers, Villains!

Archb. I hear your Brother's voice, run to the door.

Card. Help, help, the *Guiſe* is murder'd.

Archb. Help, help.

Grill. Ceaſe your vain Cryes, you are the King's Priſoners,
Take 'em *Dugaſt* into your Cuſtody.

Card. We muſt obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene draws behind it a Traverſe.

The Guiſe *is aſſaulted by Eight, They ſtab him in all parts, but moſt in the head.*

Guiſe. O Villains! Hell-hounds! Hold: [*Half draws, his Sword, is held.*
Murder'd, O baſely, and not draw my Sword,
Dog, *Logniac*, but my own blood choaks me, [*Flings himſelf upon him —— Dies.*
Down, Villain, Down, I'm gone, O *Marmoutier*.

The Traverſe is drawn.

The King riſes from his Chair, comes forward with his Cabinet Council.

King. Open the Cloſet, and let in the Council;
Bid *Dugaſt* execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the Factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be anſwer'd on your Lives.

Enter Queen-Mother, *followed by the Counſellors.*

O, Madam, you are welcome, how goes your health?

Queenm. A little mended, Sir, what have you done?

King.

King. That which has made me King of *France*, for there
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lies dead.
Queenm. You have cut out dangerous work, but make it up
With speed and resolution.
King. Yes, I'le wear
The Fox no longer, but put on the Lyon;
And since I could resolve to take the Heads
Of this great Insurrection, you the Members
Look to't, Beware, turn from your stubbornness,
And learn to know me, for I will be King.
Grill. 'Sdeath, how the Traytors lowre and quake, and droop,
And gather to the wing of his protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cause.
King, looking upon Guise. Be witness, Heaven, I gave him treble warning,
He's gone, no more dispers'e, and think upon't,
Beware my Sword, which if I once unsheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
Nought shall atone the Vows of speedy Justice,
Till Fate to Ruine every Traytor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of indulgent Kings.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THere was a Preface intended to this Play, in Vindication of it, against two scurrilous Libels lately printed: But it was judg'd, that a Defence of this nature wou'd require more room, than a Preface reasonably could allow: For this Cause, and for the Importunity of the Stationers, who hasten'd their Impression, 'tis deferr'd for some little time, and will be printed by it self. Most men are already of Opinion, that neither of the Pamphlets deserve an Answer, because they are stuff'd with open Falsities, and sometimes contradict each other; but, for once, they shall have a day or two thrown away upon them, though I break an old Custom for their sakes, which was to scorn them.

FINIS.

A Song in the Fifth Act of the Duke of Guise.

Shepherdess.

Tell me *Thirsis*, tell your Anguish,

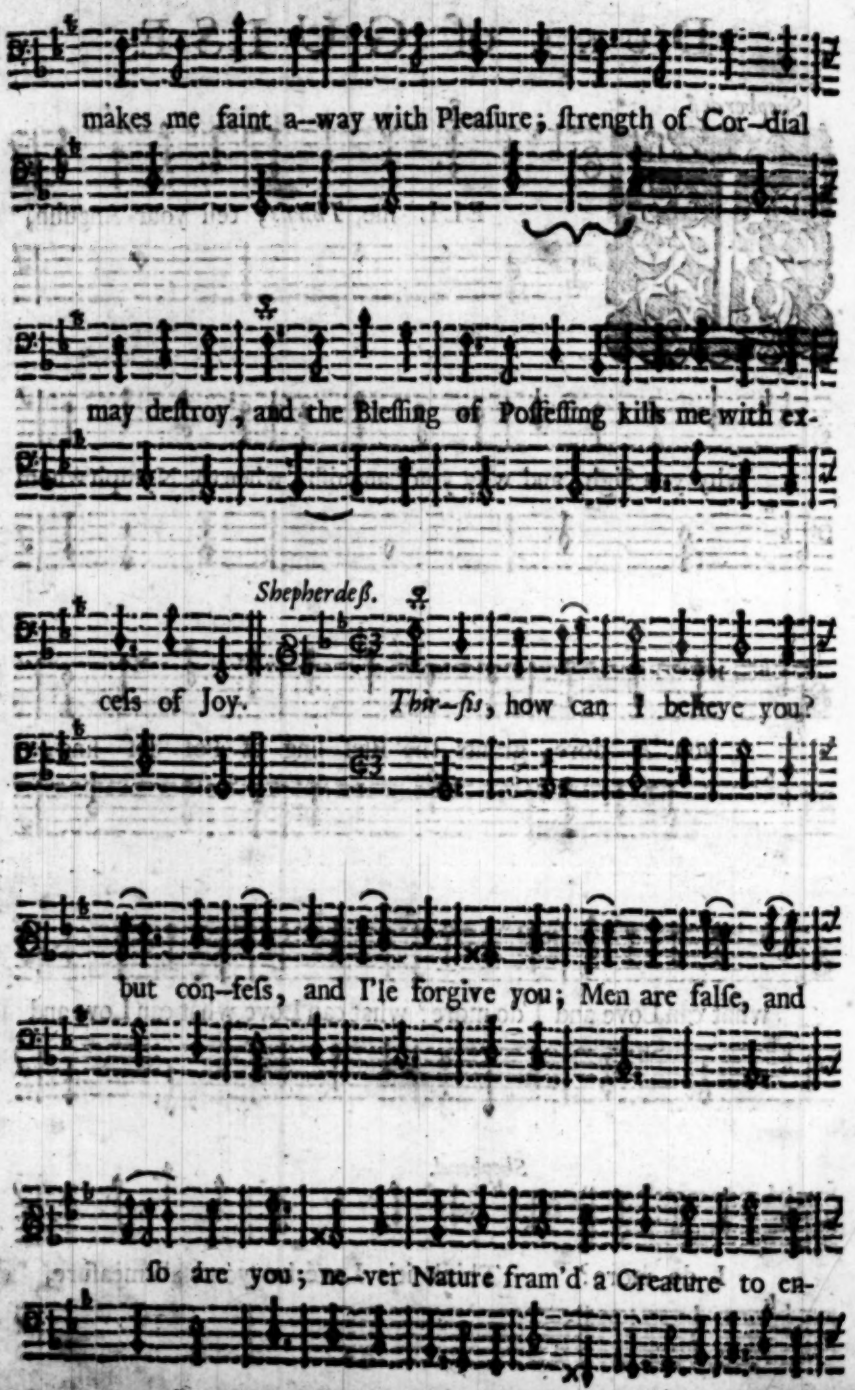
why you Sigh, and why you Languish; when the Nymph whom

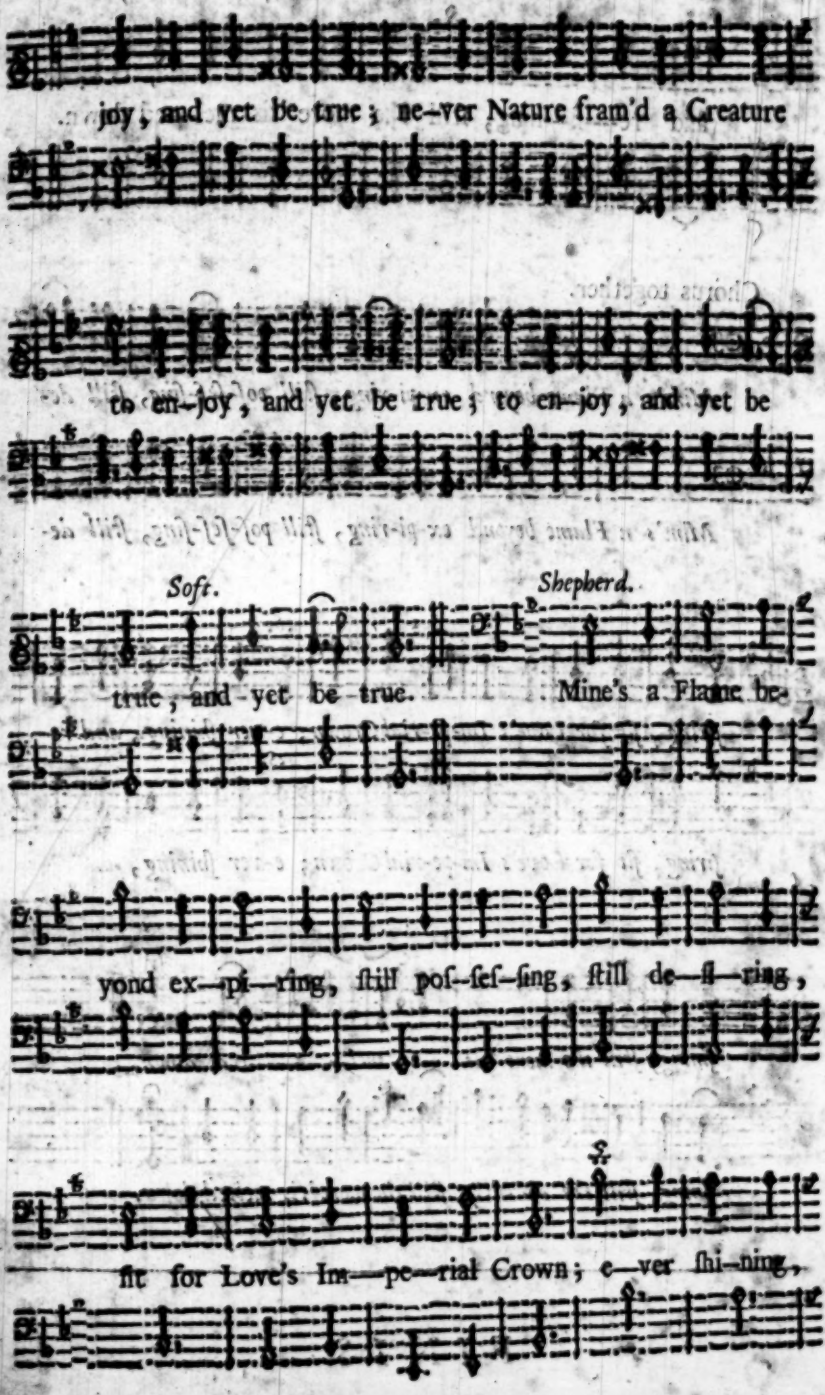
you A—dore, grants the Bleſ—ſing of Poſ—ſeſ—ſing,

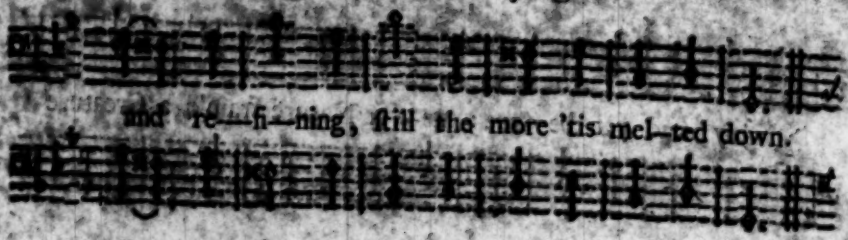
what can Love and I do more? what can Love, what can Love and

Shepherd.

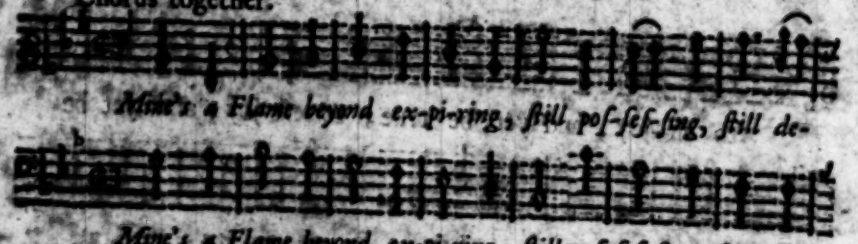
I do more? Think it's Love be—yond all meaſure,

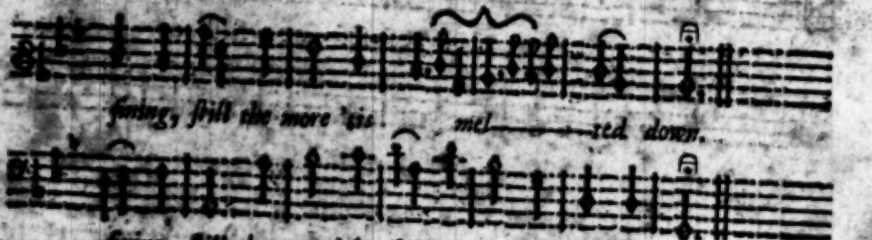

makes me faint a--way with Pleaſure; ſtrength of Cor--dial
may deſtroy, and the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing kills me with ex-
Shepherdeſs.
ceſs of Joy. Thir--ſis, how can I believe you?
but con--feſs, and I'le forgive you; Men are falſe, and
ſo are you; ne--ver Nature fram'd a Creature to en-


joy, and yet be true; ne-ver Nature fram'd a Creature
to en-joy, and yet be true; to en-joy, and yet be
Soft.
Shepherd.
true, and yet be true.
Mine's a Flame be-
yond ex-pi-ring, ſtill poſ-ſeſ-ſing, ſtill de-ſi-ring,
fit for Love's Im-pe-rial Crown; e-ver ſhi-ning,



Chorus together.





FINIS.